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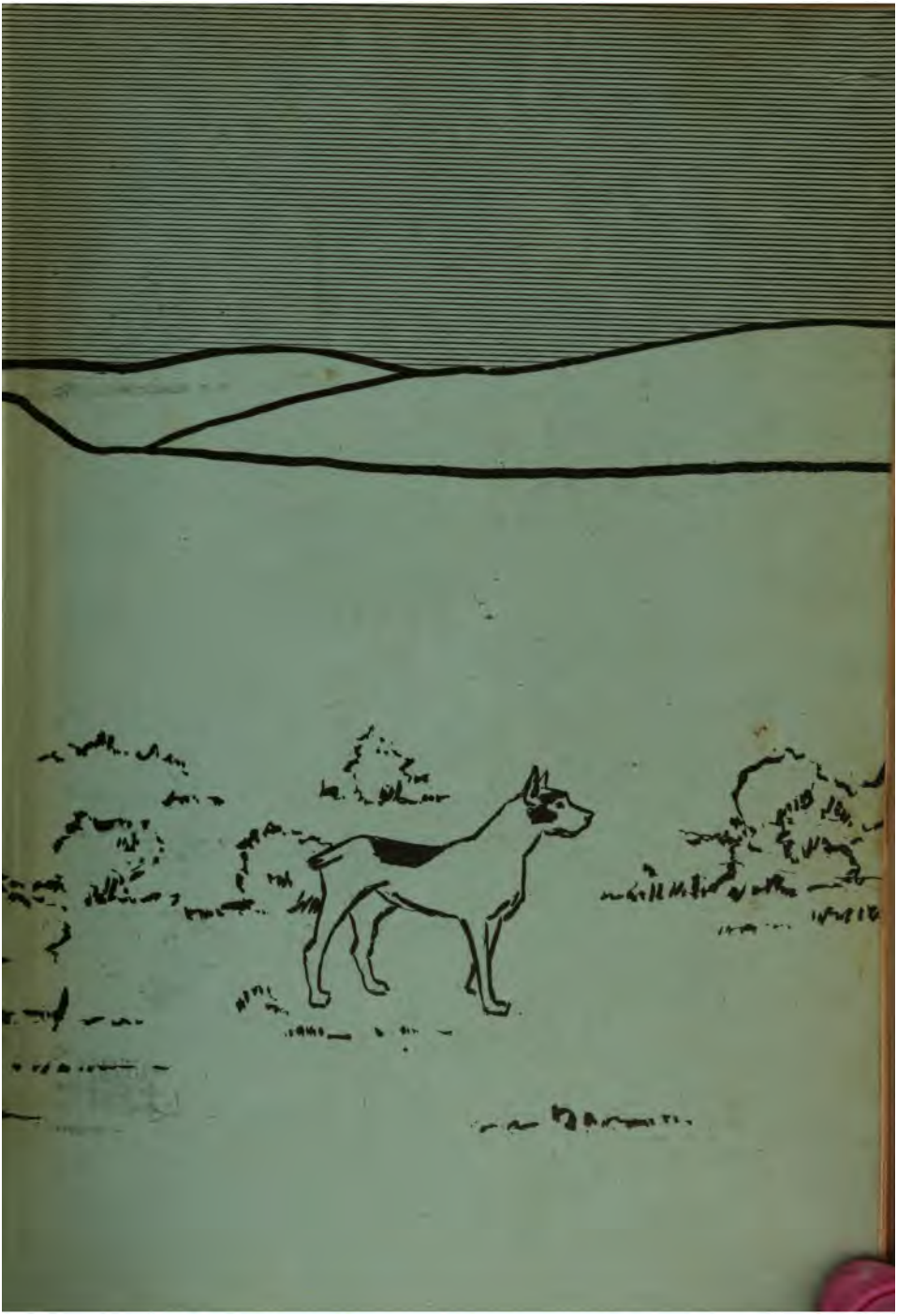

AGAINST ODDS

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE

of

LIFE IN HORSE HEAVEN

By

K. ELIZABETH SIHLER

St. Louis, Mo.
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TO

MY MOTHER

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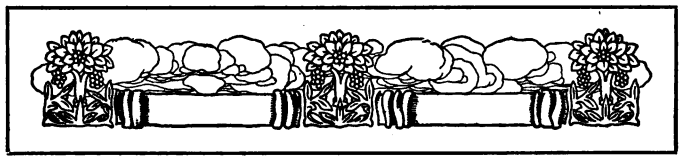

Introduction.

Has it occurred to you that we are so fond of a forest, a garden, a park, a farm, because our first parents lived in the most beautiful garden that ever was on earth, during the happiest time of their lives? That is the reason; and when Cain grieved his mother, and when thorns and thistles flourished, and the earth refused to give her increase, our ancestors would sigh, "Oh, that we were still in the Garden of Eden!"

Thus it came about that we, too, make this wish, and try to fulfil it by nestling in the bosom of nature, if perchance we can get a little worldly happiness; and if it is to be found anywhere, it is found there.

Yet, unconsciously we are also influenced by the time in which we live, and our aims are governed largely by our environments. What wonder, then, if we decide upon this or that step, when the soil of the heart, so to speak, has been prepared by living word or example.

"Back to the land! Back to the mother of us all!" is the cry in our day, and having cherished her society all the days of my life, I felt strongly inclined to obtain for myself a piece of land which should be my very own.

An article by Mr. James J. Hill, who has done so much to develop the West, and who showed the wisdom of owning at least a plot of ground, strengthened my desire. So, when I received a call to be preceptress of Parkland Pacific Academy, near Tacoma, the carrying out of my plan became feasible.

On the way out I heard a great deal about claims, homestead claims, and stone and timber claims. One needed

only to go over the latter and then buy them at a comparatively low figure. While I am writing this (in 1910), they are practically out of existence. A homestead claim, I was told, one could take up, and after living upon it for five years and improving the land, it would belong to the settler.

A homestead claim usually means one hundred and sixty acres of land. When I took up my claim in 1903, the laws were vague and indefinite. All I could find out was, "You must go to your claim twice a year." Many a person took up land without intending to make it his home. Such a noble soul would resort there perhaps once a year, and sleep two nights in the shack, a structure without a floor, put up as well, perhaps, as a poor woodshed, — the first night for the past six months and the second for the coming half year, and then return to his true home, flattering himself that he had fulfilled the law.

Life is imperfect, and so are Uncle Sam's gifts. No matter where the claims, so generously given, may be, there is always something lacking. I have been told of the hardships of settlers who had only timberland. Theirs was an arduous task to clear the soil in order to make a place for the cabin even, and to get the stumps out of the fields was formerly no easy matter.

Soon after I had taken up my land, the laws were carried out more strictly and literally, which was a great help to all homesteaders who had taken up the land in good faith, for homesteading is pretty hard for man or woman (and women were urged to take up land), when there are no neighbors.

The Far West is as different from the East as is any foreign country. It presents the greatest variety of climate, resources, and scenery. West of the Cascades there is in the winter the rainy season and in the summer the continually smiling bright, blue sky. In this region are found fertile valleys, for example, those of the Willamette, White, Salmon, Hood, and Rogue Rivers. Generally speaking, one may say that the winters are not cold nor the summers hot. This moderating of the climate is due largely to the Japan Cur-

rent. Thousands of elderly and old people of the Middle West are enjoying what remains to them of life in the land without the extremes which are so trying to all.

West of the Cascades and on Puget Sound I have seen the most beautiful gardens. Nature herself has made parks which could not be duplicated by man, and the roses which blossom in the gardens cannot be excelled. The woods are full of all kinds of shrubs, among them the Oregon Grape with its glossy leaves, which assume the richest red tints in winter; the salal with its evergreen leaves, and the various kinds of ferns, some of which grow as high as a man. In these forests I found yew-trees which must have been very ancient; they look like coniferae, but bear their seed in bright, red berries.

My life in the West was confined to Washington, Oregon, and Idaho, which, with parts of Canada, are called "The Inland Empire." East of the mountains was the desert, and sage-brush reigned supreme. The air is light, dry, and invigorating. It is the land of unobstructed outlooks and magnificent sweeps of sky. These regions have some traits of tropical countries; hot springs are found in various places. The heat is at times intense, the country treeless, the soil volcanic ash.

But though it may be hot during the day, the nights are always cool; at least this has been my experience.

As has been said, sage-brush covered millions of acres of the Western States, and there are many who dislike the sight and the odor of it. Not I. It has surrounded me like a sea of beauty, whitish-green by day, golden in the moonlight, in the desert, gray, monotonous, like a wild beast showing its teeth with the assurance of victory. Yet, after all that may be said against it, I have a warm spot for it in my heart. It grew where nothing else could grow, its long tap-root absorbing the moisture found deep below the surface. It reminds me of the Indians; they had to go to make room for civilization, the sage-brush, too, had to go to make room for golden fields of wheat, for orchards and gardens of marvelous fruitfulness. But after all, I felt

sorry to think it had to go, and planned some day to have a beautiful garden bordered by sage-brush.

The sage-brush is a shrub from two and a half to three feet high, growing higher in canyons, and where there is moisture. For dolls from six to nine inches tall the sage-brush region would be a regular forest of spreading trees with trunks from one to six inches in diameter. The leaf is small, slender, without mid-rib, broadening up toward the apex — or what is the apex in other leaves — into a number of lobes. It has a strong, spicy odor. The sage-brush grows in groups and at intervals of from three to four feet; it does not shed its leaves in winter. When growing near the water, the sage-brush is very beautiful; its leaves then are larger and more abundant. After a rain in the night the sweet odor of the sage-brush would wake me up; we both said, "Father, I thank Thee." The bunchy blossoms of the sage-brush are either whitish or yellowish green (like the bushes on which they grow), and come in the fall. In the early days the sagebrush was very useful as a fuel, and it was comparatively easy to clear the land of it.

1. How I Took Up My Claim.

While I was living in Parkland, one of my neighbors, who taught in the public school there, became ill with tuberculosis and was sent across the mountains to North Yakima. She boarded where did also some young men who worked in the United States land office. She heard so much about land and claims that she took up a quarter section. I told her mother that I, too, should like to take up land. She said she would let me know if she heard that others were going.

On the evening of April 7, 1903, she came to the school and told me that another daughter, her own brother, and several other Parkland men were going across the mountains next morning to take up land, and invited me to come along if I wished to join them.

My first impulse was to say "No," but on further consideration I decided to go, and I have never regretted it.

Bright and early we set out next morning; it happened to be my birthday, and I considered it a lucky omen. Out West, spring is the most beautiful season of the year. Where there is the rainy season, the primroses and the "snow on the mountain" as well as other flowers begin to grow in February, and we have always found buttercups and wild pansies in Idaho in the same month.

We first went by trolley to Tacoma and from there 214 miles by rail over the Cascades and into the Yakima Valley. There was still much snow on the mountains, and the scenery was delightful, green rushing streams and cascades. When we got out of the mountains, the trees became fewer and smaller, till they disappeared altogether. Then the sage-brush began, sage-brush and nothing but sage-brush! We passed through North Yakima, where there was irrigation, and the orchards and the fields of alfalfa showed up finely.

Our aim was a town named Prosser, forty-eight miles southeast of this town. At North Yakima a man boarded

the train and handed a letter to the young lady at my side, who had come with me. She read it in silence.

At Prosser we went to the hotel; everything seemed very dusty, and I thought the housekeeping could not be very particular.

What was my dismay, when, upon going down-stairs, after washing the stains of travel from my face and hands, I learned that most of those with whom I had come had already driven away to take up their land. I felt wronged and hurt.

The point of the matter was this — the mother of the two young ladies wanted them to have adjoining homesteads, and as others were trying to get this same land, the mother used this ruse. But because I knew nothing about this, I knew not what to think. So I inquired if there was not a piece of land nearer town, even if it did not contain the full 160 acres.

Thus it came about that I got my ranch, which is along a correction line in section six, township seven, range twenty-four, what was then in Yakima County. A few years later Benton County was formed out of the eastern part of Yakima and Klickitat Counties. It has the Columbia River on its three sides for boundaries, and when the Government canal, which begins near Celilo Falls, will be finished, navigation will be possible from Pasco to the Pacific Ocean, which will mean much for that part of the country. I was told of a piece of land nearer town containing 130 acres. This I decided to take. The next morning the agent took me out to see my land.

Forbidding-looking hills, covered with sage-brush, are seen in many of these Western towns. "Your land is on the top of the hills," said the man who was taking me in a light spring buggy, drawn by two strong, fine horses. Ere we knew it, we were ascending the hills, the Horse Heaven Hills. When I first heard the name, I felt as if I had been struck on the head with a club. But I got over the shock, and now I would not change the name if I could; it sounds so good to me.

The highlands north of Prosser are called Rattlesnake Hills. Horse Heaven is a plateau about thirty miles wide and seventy-five long, and slopes toward the Columbia River. Between the groups of sage-brush the fine bunch-grass used to grow, which was so tall and luxuriant that thousands of horses lived on this table-land at no expense to their owners, who only came to round them up and brand them, or when they wished to sell any. A horse can go several days without water, and can easily go twenty miles to water in one night, and here it could choose between the Columbia and the Yakima. Because the bunch-grass in this region grew so luxuriously, a half-witted old fellow said it was a perfect heaven for horses up there, and that is the way it got its name. I have wandered over the hills for miles, and have found horse-trails everywhere; they never went over a hill, but always around the side, where traveling was easy, and they always led to water.

Horse Heaven may sound bad when one first hears it, but doesn't it sound worse to live on a ranch on Dead Ox Flat, on the Snake River, in Malheur Co., not very far from Seven Devils?

Going up the Horse Heaven Hills seemed an easy matter to the strong horses, although the ascent was rather steep. The driver said they were fifteen hundred feet high. We could see the irrigated lands near Prosser and Sunny Side, patches of alfalfa, the greenest of green, orchards, and here and there a windbreak of tall poplars. On our right as we ascended we saw the snowy tops of Mount Rainier and Mount Adams in all their grandeur, as if they were near by. The violet glow of the desert was poured out over all, making the whole landscape indescribably charming. On the way up I saw a yellow bell-shaped flower, which the driver picked for me; it smelled sweet and was new to me.

When we reached the top of the hills, a new panorama unfolded before me. A vast plain lay stretched out, sloping toward the Columbia thirty miles away. Fine scenery gives me much pleasure. It is remarkable how far one can see in this clear air.

When we had driven a few miles on this plateau, the driver said, "We are now on your land; how do you like it?" "Very much," I replied. We could now see the highlands of the Columbia, and a gap directly south of my land.

The Horse Heaven land is rolling, like the sea, like the prairie, and here and there are found canyons and gulches of varying depths. There was one on my land and the up and down seemed so precipitous that I was glad when the horses' noses were turned around for Prosser.

We got back to town very quickly, and it took me exactly five years to find out just how far it was from town. When I needed a team at the livery stable, it was thought to be sixteen miles; when I came down with swift horses, it was five; when I walked, it seemed eight or ten; when I had proved up, I learned from a reliable source that it was twelve by the road. I was surprised to learn it was so far.

On the way down the first time, we met a picturesque cavalcade of Indian squaws and children on horseback, followed by several pack-horses. The agent told me they were going visiting. The Yakima Indian Reservation is in the valley near here. Most of the Indians rent their land to white men and live on their income.

After returning to Prosser, I filed on the land, paid Uncle Sam $25 and the land agent $50, which was too much, and after subscribing for the *Prosser Bulletin* for one year, I took the next train for home.

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2. I Build My Shack.

In former days, when a person took up land, he was given six months' time for preparing to make it his home, and this time was included in his five years of homesteading; or he could live on his claim for eight months, and then buy it at $2.50 an acre from the Government. It is the cheapest and easiest way, but I did not understand this at the time, and as I intended to be a *bona-fide* settler, I feel I have done more for the country by living there five years.

I often thought about those that make a new country. They are usually people who are neither rich nor poor, but having gone so far, they cannot turn back. They have made the venture, invested most of their money, and must make the best of the situation. It takes quite a little money and more grit to hold out the five years, and many are not faithful to the end, and for one reason or another sell their relinquishments; thus much of the land about me changed hands during my years of homesteading.

Prosser, in 1903, was a little town of five hundred inhabitants. It lies on a peninsula formed by a bend of the Yakima River, of whose water-power some men soon availed themselves. It had a hotel, two churches, a mill, and a number of stores. Since then it has increased in every respect. It had at the last census thirteen hundred inhabitants; churches of almost every denomination; a high school, besides three intermediate and primary schools; two newspapers, cold-storage warehouses, mills, nurseries, two hotels, and such enterprises as are found in good-sized towns.

Last summer the new Carnegie Library was opened to the people, every one of whom is a "booster." The Chambers of Commerce of all Western towns are wide awake and energetic. Prosser has now formed a Four Thousand Club, and since 1910 is "dry." The Northern Pacific has planted a model orchard near Prosser, and the Milwaukee R. R. will pass Prosser within two miles, as it is trying to build a town of its own.

Long ere my first six months were up, I began to make arrangements for building my shack. I wrote three times to the land agent, but got no answer. I heard later that he had decamped to pleasanter regions with his pocket full of money. I ordered my lumber, and late in August I went to Prosser.

It always requires great patience to do things by the aid of people whose time is occupied for the greater part by their own interests; but in a new country this is true tenfold, and I found it well-nigh impossible to get any one to help me to haul the lumber, to build the shack, and locate me,

which latter the land agent had promised to do, and for which I had paid him.

We have to learn many things by bitter experience; we can never appreciate our blessings duly until we lose them. Water seems such a common thing, but we never miss it till the well goes dry, or till we get into an arid country.

While I was sitting in the hotel writing a letter, the landlady directed my attention to a barrel standing in front of a store on the other side of the street.

"You'd better get that barrel," she said. I glanced up at it and said, "I can surely first finish my letter without danger of losing that barrel," and I thought, "What is a barrel? There must be plenty more."

Just then a family drove up and bought that barrel before my very eyes and drove off with it. If I had known what was before me, I should have rushed across the street and bought that barrel.

I was going into Horse Heaven, into a region where there were no wells, and it was necessary to take a barrel full of water with me if I wished to stay alive. I now began my wearying quest for a barrel, going from store to store without success. One slender hope was held out to me; there was a barrel containing linseed oil, which, I was told, might be empty by Saturday night. Saturday night came, but the barrel was not empty. I had also tried the saloons, and there was an empty barrel. The noble saloon-keeper offered to sell it to me for 3 dollars. I did not buy it.

I cannot tell how much running around I did, and how many people I asked to do my work. Finally I heard Mr. Tyack from Horse Heaven was in town with two wagons and ten horses. I went to see him, hoping he could help me out, but when he heard how much lumber I had, he said he could not take it that day, but would come in next Monday morning and take me, the lumber, and the carpenter up to my claim. He lived in a very different part of Horse Heaven. When I asked him how much it would cost to haul the lumber, he said it would be 10 dollars, but later 15 dollars seemed more nearly right, and I paid him

that sum. Monday morning, bright and early, came Mr. Tyack and his son John, a bright Western boy, on horseback, wearing chapparals. They were followed by two wagons, one drawn by six and the other by ten horses. Fortunately, the man who owned the livery stable sold me an empty brandy-barrel almost at the last moment for $1.50 and filled it right then and there with water.

Mr. McNeil, for many years sheriff of Benton County, a man of honor, located me. We drove ahead, then came the two horsemen, to "head off" the two wagons, as Mr. Tyack said, meaning that he could find the way on horseback more easily than could the drivers of the heavily loaded wagons.

It was quite a procession that started for the hills that morning. It took fourteen horses and six men to bring me to my home, and the landlady exclaimed, "Just look at the grandeur of it!"

I could never have found my claim without help, as there were no landmarks, only sage-brush and here and there the roof of a shack glistening white in the sun, and appearing in the landscape just about as big as the head of a pin.

Again the ascent seemed pleasant and easy. After riding hither and thither and looking here and there, it was thought the right place had been found. It has often happened that settlers put up their shacks on other people's land, and cultivated lands that were not their own, by mistake.

There was a section of fenced school-land, in the corner of which were four little mounds and a big stick, on which some characters seemed burned. This indicated a corner of a section, and from there the men could find my land.

A road went through the north end of my land, and as I did not wish to be very near it, I went several hundred feet south and decided to build the shack there. The lumber was unloaded and the horses fed. Then all sat down on the ground to eat their luncheon, which did not take long. Mr. Tyack had brought up a little tent, and offered to lend it to me till my shack was up. The horses stood sleeping in the sun. Ere long all but the carpenter left me with kindest wishes.

My trunk stood there in the sage-brush. I could not unpack it, so I took out only the most necessary things. Here the air is always fine, and there is an indescribable fascination about a new country, about the sage-brush, the desert, not to mention the smiling blue sky, and the novelty of such an enterprise.

While the carpenter was getting busy, I took my umbrella and began to walk toward the east. I was gone several hours. When I returned, I found the floor of my shack already laid and two of the posts standing up. I said to the carpenter, "The angels must have helped you," and he, too, thought he had progressed well. He had insisted on being paid by the job, and was making the best of every minute, so that he would hardly say "yes" or "no" to me when I asked him a question.

As I was too citified and inexperienced to think of using sage-brush for cooking purposes, I had brought up my chafing dish and a little Norwegian copper teakettle, which I had bought at a second-hand store in Tacoma, and of which I was very fond. I got these things out and began to prepare my supper. I had brought with me groceries, eggs, and fruit, and I thought a cup of coffee would taste good. Weakness is not agreeable to me, least of all in coffee, and I made it particularly strong this eventful evening. The carpenter was boarding himself, but I invited him to partake of a cup of coffee, which offer he accepted with alacrity. Of course, all this housekeeping was done under the grand dome of heaven.

During the years of my homesteading I spent most of my time out of doors, and the Western life possessed me to such a degree that I could never bear to be inside long, and I can understand so well why the Indians did not wish to be shut up in any house nor limited to any special region; it made them feel as if they had been deprived of both heaven and earth.

Later on I often walked to and from town and every time by some new way. Thus I gained much experience, but often went sadly astray.

On this first evening it must have been later than I knew when I made the coffee, for very soon the bright sun sank behind the horizon, and night came on.

One of my friends advised me to take a hammock to sleep in; as yet there was nothing to hang it to. All I had brought in the way of bedding was a pillow and a comforter. I told the carpenter he might sleep in the tent, and he set it up some distance from my prospective home, and soon disappeared in it.

To me this was an occasion of grandeur and importance. To begin possessing the land, my own God-given land, my homestead! Had I lived in the olden times, I should have reared an altar and offered a sweet-smelling sacrifice to the Almighty. As it was, I offered myself, praying that the land, too, might some day be fit for the service and glory of the Master. It seemed to me that I should more truly take possession of the land if I slept on it this first night. I therefore wrapped the comforter — filled with wool, and made for me by my good mother years ago — around me, and lay down on the ground.

It may have been due to the coffee or, perhaps, the excitement of the occasion that I could not go to sleep. Streams of thoughts rushed through my mind. I seemed to be able to gaze into the future and see that what I was here beginning would count for something some day.

This was the first night I ever spent under the open sky, and I felt uplifted by the glory of the heavens all decked with glittering stars and the waxing moon. The stars seem particularly bright and clear in the Western air. I heard a coyote howl dismally, and my hair stood on end.

As the hours passed, I observed how the heavenly bodies moved around toward the right. When I awoke in the morning, the sun had risen, and, in the south, which I was facing, there were three bands of rosy pink clouds stretched out over a sky of tender blue. I was supremely happy.

But the day which began so delightfully grew more and more unbearable as it advanced. I had slept in my clothes and had no conveniences for making my toilet in the

morning; I felt very dirty. Neither could I get at my things, nor was there any place to put them. So I did what I always do when perplexed or troubled — I took a walk. I think that if people did that more, they would be healthier and happier. I looked at the sky in the first place. My view in Horse Heaven gave me a wide scope. Then I gazed at the horizon and at the colors; the land looked like stripes running east and west. Where there has been a wheat-field, the land remains golden yellow for years and looms up even in the night. The air in this region is like wine; one walks far without getting weary. I always enjoyed the blues and purples of the distance.

On my way I met a boy on a tank-wagon, the first I ever saw. He said his name was Glen Craig, and he was going to some brook called The Glades to get water; that they had two cisterns at home, which they filled with this water for the use of the family and the stock; they had horses, a cow, pigs, and chickens. I rode with him back to where my shack was going up, and this was the last time he ever had to go to The Glades, as his neighbor, Mr. Rydholm, drilled a well, and he had plenty of water to sell to his neighbors.

The carpenter worked busily and rapidly. By this time the sides of the house were up, and so were the boards of the roof.

I told the carpenter to suspend my hammock for the second night, but as he had only a saw and a hammer, it was hung so poorly that I came down in the middle of the night, and I suspect it will be an unceasing source of merriment for this man. During the night a strong wind arose in the west from the mountains and blew for hours; it grew quite cold. In the middle of the day it was very hot, and the carpenter came again and again to slake his thirst; I almost begrudged him the precious water.

Ere the roof was shingled, I had a strong, good-sized table constructed right under the window, so that I could always look out toward the gap in the Columbia, and see the water of this famous river.

I must now describe my shack. Had I then known what

I now know, I should have built it a little more substantially. It is only one board thick and without a ceiling; the dimensions are 12×16 feet, seven feet high, with a gable-roof. The only door is on the east side. In putting it there, I builded wiser than I knew. I later found that it was always a mistake to have a door opening toward the west, as strong winds always come from that direction.

My only window was an ordinary one set on the side, giving me a long, low window I could shove aside. I am afraid this ends the description of my house; but to me it was a thing of great importance. I may add that the sides were battened, and there was a little doorstep one yard square. I had the water-barrel in the house. I don't think the carpenter wasted much time in washing himself. It grew very hot during the middle of the day, and he got thirsty shingling the roof. When the outside was finished, he made me a bed of boards, soft side up, a washstand, which consisted of a board nailed across one corner of the shack, a cupboard, and a bookcase. Besides all this he put three boards upon the rafters above the door for a storeroom. I felt very rich and happy with all this furniture.

The building was begun on August 31st, and on the morning of September 3d the carpenter picked up his belongings and was ready to leave. He said he had forgotten his hone — it was the first time that I had heard that word — in a shack not very far from me, one of the two belonging to brothers; they were in a ravine. Compared with these, my shack was grand; they were only small lean-to's with a tiny window and a home-made door, with a padlock on it, and without a floor.

Now the carpenter was ready to leave me, and steered towards town through the sage-brush, and was soon lost to sight.

I was alone for the first time. I had supplied myself with what would help me pass the time profitably and pleasantly, my Bible, and several other books, lace- and bead-work, and a big bunch of letters to answer. Then there were the walks to be taken, and the little housekeeping. I was

amazed to see how quickly the time passed, and how few letters I wrote. I soon set about beautifying my home. I made a white curtain for my window, putting a valance above it and little curtains at the sides, thus making the window appear much larger on the inside. For a chair I used an empty box, which had once held "Old Tom Gin," and hailed from San Francisco.

In the afternoon a man from the livery stable who had taken settlers to their claims, called for the carpenter's things, and gave me the half-gallon of water which was left in his jug — a precious gift! I asked him how far it was to the Columbia, and if I couldn't walk down there some time; to which he replied, "About twenty-five miles. And don't you go there unless you want the coyotes to have your carcass." Then he drove away, and I was glad I didn't feel lonely.

It was toward sunset. I always found time for all I needed to do, and never sat up at night. I did not even light a candle. I lived so close to nature that I went to rest soon after the sun had disappeared.

Of course, I was exceedingly careful of the water, and bathed the next morning in a pint of it, and saved it for the next day. The water had a strong taste of brandy. Fortunately I did not dislike it at first; it even improved the tea, and reminded me of the parties at my Russian friends at Berlin. Later I learned that many people had to use coal-oil barrels. I always thought the water must have tasted abominably, but perhaps they were compensated by the medicinal qualities of the oil, as it is much used as a medicine out West.

My walks led me in all directions, and there was nothing to hinder my going; I spent much of my time in that way. In those days there was little fenced land, and the horses could rove wherever they chose. They would go in bands, and seemed to take an interest in me. One time I came upon about thirty. They followed until I opened my umbrella, which sent them galloping away as if I had shot off a gun.

The mornings and evenings were particularly beautiful, and reminded me of what the Psalmist says: "Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice"; and one may have good thoughts, too, at such times.

It is easy to believe that I did not waste much time in dish-washing either; once a day was all the water I could afford to use. I had brought an abundance of olive-oil with me, and used it sometimes instead of water in making my toilet. People in a dry country seem to need anointing; their skin often looks dry and their eyelids red.

A few days later, while I was writing at my table, I heard a queer, crackling sound. What it was I could not think. It continued and seemed to come nearer. I went to the door. I saw a team driving toward my shack. My friend Theresa, the first one of my acquaintances to take up land in Horse Heaven, was coming to see me. Of course, I was delighted.

The crackling sound had been produced when the horses drew the wagon through the sage-brush, thus breaking down some of it. The horses always were a marvel to me; they stepped so securely between the brush and never into one of the numerous badger-holes.

My friend and I now visited every shack within sight and walking distance. There was one painted house — the only painted one — several miles away. This, we thought, must belong to some one of importance, and we decided to go there; but what was our dismay when we found the door and windows boarded up and the water-barrels locked securely inside.

We stopped at every shack we could find. On looking into the one small window, we usually saw a pair of overalls and a frying-pan hanging on the wall. That seemed to be the entire outfit. Perhaps the homesteader had tried to clear the sage-brush from the little plot about the shack to give himself a creditable appearance.

On returning, we had afternoon tea. Biscuits or crackers keep their crispness in that dry climate, and therefore taste very good.

On our way home we met John Tyack and one of his father's men on horseback; they told us they had gotten their tent, which until now had served me as a mattress — a mighty hard one! As I had only one pillow, I cut off the tops of sage-brush and bunch-grass, and filled a pillow-case with it. Of course, I had to give the best I had to my guest, and my aching ear would cause me to wake up in the night. I later made a sofa-cushion of the spicy herbs, and several years later, when I set my first hen, I used this filling for her nest.

We were becoming such good pedestrians that we decided to walk to the town the following day. We hurried with our breakfast and the housekeeping, and at 7.45 A. M. by my friend's watch we started on our way to Prosser.

Ere long we reached the brow of the Horse Heaven Hills and saw the town lying below and toward the east. It looked quite near, and we hoped to reach there in a short time. I was the leader and chose the most direct way, as I thought, going through gulches and canyons, in which people have seen large and numerous rattlesnakes; they like to bask in the sun on the hot rocks. (Fortunately I never saw a rattlesnake in Horse Heaven, though there were plenty of them.) There is a fascination about doing things for the first time; I moved without effort.

After quite a while we were in the valley, but still the distance stretched out before us; the town was yet four miles away, and we were glad enough when we came to the sign on the railroad which said: "One mile to Prosser." It was noon, and the children were just coming out of school when we arrived, though I was not in the least tired; but it did seem pleasant to have plenty of water and a good bed once again.

The next morning we started for home. We all know how much harder it is to go up hill than down. I found it so on that bright September morning. My friend's brother was taking the lumber up to build her shack, almost five miles from my homestead, so she rode up with him. This was the first time that I walked up to Horse Heaven, and

I think that time, and that time only, I struck the bee-line. Mount Adams seemed so grand and splendid and near, I could not bear to take my eyes off it; my heart thumped and thumped as I went up higher, so I sat down from time to time to give it a rest. I reached my shack in due time, and my home-coming seemed sweet.

On the following day I was awakened by the tramping of hoofs. I got up and counted seventeen horses, great and small, that had come up to see me. I talked to them, holding out an apple, but they were too shy to come nearer, and gradually they wandered away.

Day followed day quickly enough. I had observed my little brothers of the animal world, and had found rabbits, meadow-larks, and other birds, and chipmunks. One morning when I was dressing, I picked up one of my stockings, when out dropped a scorpion. I knew there were many coyotes, but during this stay I did not see any. It took me several years to see them among the sage-brush, — they seemed to look so much like it. I noticed also lizards, called swifts, and horned toads, and wherever I turned, there were tracks of horses and of coyotes. The ground was full of badger-holes, but during my life in Horse Heaven I never saw a badger.

One evening I went out when it was beginning to be dusk; and wherever I looked, I saw coyote-tracks in the dust, it seemed to me, and I began to feel a little queer. I wished I were elsewhere. There was but little water left in the barrel, and none of the settlers whose shacks I could see were at home. I felt that I could not stay. My neighbors, whom I later learned to know, said it would have been impossible for me to stay up there, and that I should have died if I had tried it.

I decided to go away the next day. I knew there was another load of lumber coming up that day, and I watched for the smokelike dust to tell me about it, so that I might go to the road three-quarters of a mile away, and ask the man to take down my trunk. I saw it after a while, and hurried to meet the team which was coming along, and

a little black colt following after. I asked the man if he would take my trunk to town on his way back. He said he would. During the day I spent most of my time putting things away, and then I watched for his coming.

Some time in the afternoon he drove up. He helped me to board up the window and the door. The man had lately been struck by a sixty pound mail-bag at the station and had a weak back, so I was glad I was able to help him put my monster of a trunk on the wagon.

"What shall we do with the hatchet?" I asked.

"Bury it. Isn't that what they do with it always?" he said.

Pleased with his wit, I promptly put it into my suit-case. I might have driven down, too, but I had a mania for walking; and as I had walked to town and back once, I thought I knew the way, and scorned the dusty road.

I carried nothing but an umbrella and opera-glasses. I soon got into gulches and canyons, and there seemed no end of them. I could not get out, and in them I saw nothing but tracks of coyotes, and here and there the well-trimmed skeleton of a sheep. I came to a place where a ravine ended in a precipice of smooth rock; it looked like the jumping-off place. At the same time I heard a queer whistling noise as if Mr. Coyote were saying to his spouse, "Polly, put the kettle on, we're going to have an awfully good supper." But I was resolved not to be in it, and climbed up the side of a very steep mountain, thanking my stars that it was still daylight. I felt relieved when, after a long time, I reached the valley.

I walked, and walked, and walked, and Prosser was still far away. There was a brilliant sunset, the western sky glowed with scarlet and gold. I felt that this was so for my special benefit. Gradually the colors faded away, and I was still far from Prosser.

My heart began to fail me; I knew if I walked on the railroad track, I must finally come to Prosser. So I walked on the railroad tracks till my feet were sore from the stones and cinders. Then I took the only alternative, the dusty

road. I feel tempted to say that the dust was knee-high, but I shall be nearer the truth when I say it was shoe-high. While walking there, I found a little solace in the thought that only a certain quantity of dust could cling to me, and the rest would, by the unchangeable law of gravity, return to the road.

I changed back and forth, always thinking the place on which I walked a little worse than the other. One time I passed a horse browsing by the roadside. It gave the queerest little snort, as if saying with surprise, "What in the world are you doing here at this time of night?"

At last, when my patience was almost exhausted, I reached Prosser. It was after nine o'clock when I walked into the hotel. My trunk had been there for hours. It took me years to find out why the way to Prosser had been so long that time. Instead of going down the right and near side of the mountain, which, my neighbors later said, they would call Mount Sihler, I had taken the left side, and of course that greatly increased the distance.

I took a bath and went to bed, and the next morning the world was new and beautiful again, and I took the train and went back to my school in Parkland.

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3. My Second Year of Homesteading Commences.

In order to keep the law, I returned to my homestead in the spring, ere six months had elapsed since my last stay there. This was in March and April of the year 1904.

During the first years of their homesteading in regions like Horse Heaven, the settler, and often his wife, were obliged to go away and earn money in order to be able to develop their ranch. One of my neighbors who had been recommended to me for doing some plowing, to whom I had written, took me to my homestead, and when I left, I ordered him to clear and plow forty acres for me. I was determined to obtain my land and resign my position at the institution with which I had been connected.

I had spent much time in thinking of some way in which I might make a living while in Horse Heaven. There seemed to be much tuberculosis on Puget Sound, and the doctors were always sending their patients across the mountains into the dry country.

As I had some knowledge of nursing, I planned a tent-colony, and called on many physicians of Tacoma to tell them about it. Most of them spoke approvingly of my plan, and promised to send patients. To prove to myself that I had faith in the undertaking, I bought a tent 7×11 feet, and took it up with the rest of my belongings.

On June 24th, at 6 A. M., I started for my home. In the spring the days in that latitude are very long. The morning was beautiful, and I felt happy in starting on the venture and in beginning a new life.

To have a companion I had bought me a little fox-terrier seven weeks old. The little creature was white, with a black face and pointed ears, and won my affection at once. As I had been among Norwegians and had learned their language, it seemed appropriate that I should call my pet by a Norwegian name, so I tried "Trofast" on him. But somehow the name did not suit his style of beauty, and unconsciously I called him "Honey." "There," I said to myself, "that is what I will call him"; and soon he knew his name, and it seemed his delight to do what pleased me. Only those who have had and loved such a pet will be at all able to understand what "Honey" was to me.

North Yakima is the metropolis of that part of Washington. The census of this year (1910) showed that it has increased 350 per cent. As I had to pass through there anyway, I decided to stop over and see what it was like. I found it to be a prosperous, flourishing town of about 8,000 inhabitants. The people were well dressed, and the shops were unusually good. I saw more fine horses there than I had seen during the past two years elsewhere. I bought a barrel, and again an ex-brandy keg, but this held twenty gallons. I also invested in a thermometer and left for Prosser the following afternoon. I stayed at the hotel till Monday

morning, where I bought two cots, two mattresses, a cook-stove and kitchen utensils, a chair, a typical Western one, made of light wood with a seat of netted rawhide, made in Montana, and a most comfortable folding-chair, made in Racine, Wis.

By this time my things from the Sound had arrived, and I procured a team from the livery stable to take everything up to my homestead. It made quite a heavy load for two horses, and our ascent of the Horse Heaven Hills was painful and slow.

I had a pleasant driver, a man from Illinois, who had come West for his health, but was now robust and liked the country "fine." It stands to reason that in a new country all are on an equality, and, of course, I treated the driver as my friend.

When we did not agonize over the horses pulling the heavy load up the steep hills, we had a pleasant enough time eating royal Anne cherries and occasionally taking a drink out of the South African water-bag the driver had taken along. He told me the Horse Heaven land had all been taken up now, and that he had not been able to get a claim. He talked about horses and asked for the privilege of breaking one for me.

In the afternoon we reached my shack, and found a little rabbit sitting on the doorstep to welcome me home. I took out my hatchet and removed the boards I had nailed across the door and window, and found everything in good order. Much dust had blown in, some mice had nested in a box and eaten a candle, — all else was as I had left it.

I made some lemonade, and soon the driver turned to go back to town. The day had been hot, but it was getting cooler, and ere I knew it, it was evening. As I could not get hold of anything better, I threw a Turkish towel over my shoulders and sat outside to enjoy the evening. The moon rose in the east, the horizon on the west was tinged with a delicate pink and bright gold. All was grandeur and silence. It was so still up there that it made my ears ring. When it got too chilly, I went to bed.

The next day, though I felt the previous day's jolting, I resolved to call on my friends two miles east and stayed to dinner. In the afternoon Mr. Jones started for the Yakima River with his tank-wagon and six horses. He said whenever he did that, he always felt like selling his ranch for two bits. I now got my water from them.

In my simple ignorance I had brought flowering plants with me; these I planted near the shack, and though I gave them much care and all the water I could spare, the poor things dried up.

I soon saw that I must get clothes to suit my present condition and surroundings, and procured a light brown skirt of covert cloth, gray thin sacks, and kerchiefs. I tried to adapt myself to the new country and to live my life. I cannot say that it was always easy, but as I had undertaken this work, I was bound to bring it to the proposed termination, and I had my choice — to grin and bear it, or to bear it and not grin. It seemed to me that the ceaseless stillness must have a soothing influence on the nerves.

During the summer the southern horizon was several times full of lightning. From all that I could learn it was thought that there were no thunder-showers on Puget Sound, and where I was now living, people said they were almost unheard of. It is probable that formerly no one lived there, and consequently people could know nothing about thunder-showers.

When I had been on my claim several weeks, I went directly west for the first time, and found a number of houses which I had not been able to see from where I lived. I met Mr. Smith's family. On the way there I noticed some fine spring wheat and barley. Of course, Honey was my constant companion, and I said many nice things to him every day, and he understood them all.

I have always observed all the plants that grew where I was, and now was delighted when I found a tall lavender lily. Later I learned it was the Mariposa tulip. It is the finest flower growing in Horse Heaven. When it sprang up on plowed land among the wheat, it was handsomer still.

One Sunday, at a special festivity given at the schoolhouse several years later, we had a vase full of beautiful roses and one of Mariposa tulips, and the latter needed not be ashamed in the presence of the queen of flowers, which represents to our minds the queen of beauty, while the other reminded me of a woman of culture and refinement.

On low stony places I found white and yellow asters. The flower to which I should give the second prize is a pretty pink star-shaped one, resembling phlox. It grew on a thin woody stem, sometimes in bunches climbing up on the sage-brush, suggesting a sprightly, graceful wife, who is an adornment to her silent, rugged husband.

The bunch-grass which grew among the sage-brush remained green until the middle of summer, when it dried up and thus became cured; it was the best kind of hay for the horses on the range; it made them fat, and was good till the new grass sprang up in the spring.

As my household duties were not onerous, I spent the mornings and evenings walking out of doors, as I may have remarked before; it helped to make the time pass and gave me pleasurable exercise. Frequently I came upon groups of horses, and I used to sing to them. They then would come nearer and stand about me in a semicircle, when I would take little Honey into my arms and call out, "Oh, all you horses! See little Honey! the sweetest doggy in Horse Heaven!" We all knew it was so, and Honey always expected me to do this.

I had given the carpenter orders to come and set up my tent, but he did not come for many days, which seemed like weeks.

On most days I did not see a soul. I would take my letters two miles east to be mailed when Mr. and Mrs. Jones went to town. Frequently they would not be at home, which was always a bitter disappointment after having walked up and down the steep hillsides in the burning sun.

Sometimes I would carry home a bucketful of water, and the only thing that I could truthfully say in its favor was that it was wet. After being carried up and down through

the sage-brush for two miles, it is very precious. For years the Western water did not taste good to me; it seemed softer and did not give the longed-for satisfaction which the water in the East seemed to give me.

There were many night-hawks in Horse Heaven. They were light brown, with white stripes in their outspread wings. They flew about in the evening screeching "mig, mig" so continually that the monotony of the cry bored me.

On July 2d the carpenter arrived to build my tent. It had rained the night before. He got out his saw, hammer, and rule, and very soon the floor of the tent was laid. Then he enclosed it with board sides four feet high, fastened up the rafters, and after putting up the tent and placing the door, my sleeping-room was ready and very inviting.

I took pleasure in my little establishment, and the care of it filled some of my time. I did not like the idea of cooking in my living-room; I was anxious to have a kitchen of some kind and decided finally on another tent. I told the carpenter to buy it for me in town and bring up also the necessary lumber.

As I look back over my diary, I find that there were many days which inspired me with their beauty. At times I also enjoyed the feeling of having a home of my own. I always sat outside in the evening until darkness covered the land.

On one of these days the Jones's drove over and brought me a bucketful of water — a welcome gift at that time. It was really a great tribulation to me to be obliged to live in the dust and in such dearth of water.

The thermometer was 68 in the shade on July 4th of that year (1904). On July 5th I arose as usual, so I thought, and had three meals at the regular intervals. After tea I sat outside to enjoy the evening, — but evening would not come. It persisted in being afternoon, and this day was the longest day of my life. When I tried to explain the miracle to myself, I came to the conclusion I had unconsciously gotten up at an unearthly hour. I had no clock.

But on the 6th of July the carpenter came, and put up my tent like the first one; he made me a kitchen and did

other jobs. He made me a kitchen-table, which was so high, that I had to stand on a platform to be able to use it. There was enough lumber left to make a small board-walk from the kitchen into the shack, which was always a great comfort to me. I was too green and ignorant to judge of the carpenter's work; later on I knew to my sorrow that it all had been done in a miserable, shiftless way.

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4. Lost.

I had now about one quart of water left, and as I had to pay 4 dollars for the team and the same sum to the carpenter as one day's wages, and as much for the lumber, I decided to get some good out of the team, as well as a little change, by driving back to town with the carpenter. It was a lumber-wagon, the seat up high, and I thought I should be able to hold my little dog better in my lap if I kept on the big kitchen-apron which I wore; it needed washing, too, and I knew there was plenty of water in Prosser.

The first kind of wagon that a settler will buy out West is a lumber-wagon; he can haul anything on it and ride on it, too; but, alas! it has no springs. After a rancher has harvested one good crop, he will buy a two-seated, open spring-buggy, which is called a hack, and which marks the farmer's prosperity.

I stayed in town overnight with the people who formerly had kept the hotel. At daybreak I arose, dressed myself, and started for the Horse Heaven Hills, — I had been told the shortest way up. Not realizing how early it was, I induced some good people who lived in the midst of a vegetable garden to sell me of their produce, which I carried in a small bag, in which there was also a pint bottle of water, three biscuits, and one piece of cake.

I tried the new way; half way up we sat down on the ground to breakfast. I could see in the dust the trails of snakes and other creatures.

Honey liked the cake best, so he had that, and I had a biscuit and a swallow of water.

Ere we reached the top, we refreshed ourselves again. Honey ate the remaining crumbs of cake, but after that he had to come down to biscuit. Very soon after that we were at the brow of the hills; the way up had seemed very short.

But what a strange feeling came over me! The country looked so unfamiliar. There was hardly any sage-brush here, only bunch-grass, and the region was not really as pretty as it looked from my homestead.

I felt sure that I walked in the right direction. I came to much plowed land. It is a hardship to walk over the big clods of newly plowed fields. Then I cut right through a whole section of wheat, — wheat grew more and more odious to me, and the one mile seemed as long as six. I carried my dog *à la* kangaroo in my clean apron. After I had come out of the wheat, I saw three houses on three corners. My heart leaped with joy. I hoped some one might be in at least one of the houses to direct me.

I went to each one in succession, looked about and knocked, but, alas! not a living soul was there. Near one house the kitchen-stove was standing, the coffee-pot upside down upon it. They were using the out-of-doors for a kitchen. Some pretty yellow flowers were growing near the stove. The clock inside the shack was ticking away faithfully.

But though no one was at home, I still bless the people who lived there, for on the north side of the shack stood a large barrel with water, a crane at the bottom, and a tin cup at hand. I and my doggy drank and drank, and were refreshed. Only now, while I am writing this, and years after that day, I thought how wise it would have been if I had filled my water-bottle then and there.

Nearby stood the spring-seat belonging to a wagon. On this I rested a while, consuming a carrot. My dog would not share the vegetable. Being a restless creature, I soon

went on. I came to many shacks, but they were uninhabited and locked, and the water-barrels were inside.

It was now noon. I did not recognize any familiar feature in the landscape, nor had I met any human being. I resolved to stick to the road if I ever should strike it again. I came to it after some time, and followed it faithfully till I reached the brow of the hills. I was exactly above Prosser — I had gone around in a circle.

At first I felt like going back to town, for I was almost exhausted with the long hours of walking in the sun and with the discouraging feeling of being lost, really lost. Yet I was glad that it was not my soul that was lost.

I sat down disposing of more vegetables. I took them in the order of lettuce, cucumbers, onions, and carrots — the survival of the unfittest (in opposition to Darwin's theory), at least as far as my taste was concerned.

Then I thought, "What is the use? I have to get home some time." So I strengthened my weak knees, girded my loins, and started again. I knew I must go westward, and I knew the direction.

It was exceedingly hot. The heat is here as I found it in Italy, so intense. There was not a drop of water left in the bottle. My parched tongue was cleaving to the roof of my mouth; I could think of nothing but water, water, water with lemon in it, lemonade and ice-cream soda. I suffered the tortures of Tantalus as my mind suggested these refreshments. My steps were halting, and frequently I had to sit down on the ground and rest. The afternoon sun threw my shadow east of me; but all I could think of was water, water!

Then I stopped and considered the situation. I said to myself that it really was not the greatest misfortune that could befall me even if I should be obliged to spend the night in the sage-brush under the open sky. I then comforted myself with a succulent onion. Yet it all seemed very hard.

I tried shack after shack; no one at home. I could not blame them when I learned more about a new country.

If a homesteader were to depend upon what he can get in Horse Heaven, he would die of starvation the first year.

Finally I lay down and went to sleep and awoke refreshed. For a while everything seemed easy again. To my great joy I saw the gap in the Columbia which I can see from my window and fixed my eyes on it steadily.

More shacks, more locks, no water, more vegetables, — at last, at last, I saw a house with a gable-roof that looked like that of my nearest neighbor's; more wheat to go through. Yes, I was not mistaken this time.

I thanked God with all my heart and hastened toward the house. My neighbors were not at home, but I found the key under a jar, where, they had told me, it would always be. I unlocked the door. On the table stood a whole bucketful of water, not very cool, to be sure, but it was water, and I drank my fill.

It was twenty minutes past four. I put up the hammock and lay down in it, and was thankful. I had been on the way since four o'clock in the morning, as my landlady in Prosser later told me. I am not able to express in words what I suffered on that day. I thought a great deal about a little girl who had strayed from her home up here and was found dead, a week later, twenty-five miles away. She had some withered flowers in her little hand.

Last year I read in the Prosser paper that a woman in the Rattlesnake Hills had supper ready and was expecting her husband from town any minute. It had grown dark, and as she listened, she thought she heard him coming, and went out to meet him. When the husband came into the shack, he could not find his wife. He immediately drove to the neighbors and asked them to help him find her. In that short time she had wandered four miles from home.

When I reviewed my experiences of that bitter day, I resolved always to leave my water-barrel outside and a tin-cup on it. I do not think that many availed themselves of the privilege. During the five years of my homesteading I saw only two persons passing by on foot; a Westerner *will not walk.*

After a while my kind neighbors came home. They told me that they had on the previous night (while I was away) filled my barrels, and taken my mail over. After a good supper I went home with renewed strength and courage. I felt rich, indeed, to have a home and thirty gallons of water.

While I was in the valley, it had rained for three hours. When the rosy light of the evening sky had faded away, I went into the shack; but the candle which I lighted flickered so unsteadily from the wind that arose that I was glad to extinguish it soon.

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5. Triumphs and Trials.

As I had some hopes of having a tent-colony on my ranch, I was thinking of drilling a well, and counted the cost, which was very great. Later on Mr. Smith, two miles west of me, had a well drilled; it cost more than his ranch was worth at that time, but it was a great benefit to the whole community, as people now could buy water from him.

One morning the next summer, when I was sitting down to breakfast before my window, I saw some smoke ascend, and resolved to go down and see what it was. Two miles south some one else was drilling a well. Here, too, it was a long, hard, difficult, and costly undertaking; but as time went on, more wells were drilled in Horse Heaven. The wells were so costly because the very hard and deeply extending rocks had to be pierced.

It seemed pleasant to have a kitchen and a stove. What good things can be produced when one has these facilities!

I now had two tents and my shack to take care of. The compound made quite a showing in the landscape. It took more time to keep my establishment in order. When one is busy working, it makes little difference where one may be. As my kitchen-tent got very hot when I worked there, I improvised a diamond-shaped window by ripping the seam a little way and pinning the tent back on both sides with

safety-pins. Through this window I could look east and see the purple hills in the distance. There was a space about six feet wide between the shack and the sleeping-tent; I had an awning to stretch out over it, but as I was always alone, and as a strong breeze would spring up every evening, which would soon have annihilated both awning and tent, I ceased to put it up. On this particular day the temperature went up to 95 degrees in the shade; but it was so breezy that the heat was not in the least oppressive. As both my barrels were empty brandy-kegs, the flavor got to be loathsome. I am told that this is the way to cure drunkenness.

I had been advised to put a pinch of salt and one of baking-soda in the water as I used it; but I often longed for a drink of really good water, such as I had been brought up on. I understood so well how King David felt when he longed for a drink of the well near the gates at Bethlehem. I nevertheless marveled at the fact that one can adapt oneself to all kinds of trials and inconveniences if one is willing to do so; yet much of my life during those early days was suffering; the great heat, the unbroken solitude, and the lack of water were hard to endure.

We all like to think that our efforts are not in vain. When I stopped to consider that only one short year ago there was nothing here but a howling wilderness, and that now my home was here, I could not help feeling that some headway had been made, something accomplished, something done.

During this hot, dry August weather, a foolish, or shall I say greedy, man was plowing a section of land on the hill two miles north of me. He plowed seven days in the week, and it does not pain me to report that his crop was a failure.

It took me some little time to accustom myself to prepare my food. I had never baked bread alone, without some advice or help. I consider those children fortunate who are allowed to go into the kitchen, whose mother works there; they learn so much from simply seeing things done.

One day I resolved to bake bread, light bread as it was called in Horse Heaven. I knew how to do it. I had Magic

Yeast and had on the preceding day made the regulation yeast with potato water. All seemed propitious, but the baking proved to be a slow and painful process. I was getting acquainted with the use of sage-brush, which is a very dirty fuel, and although it creates an intense heat, it is gone almost as soon as a straw-fire, and one has to put in more unceasingly, so that a small stove consumes large quantities of this fleeting fuel.

In those early days the dead ancestors of the sage-brush were lying around. They were dry and burned well, and it was far less trouble to pick them up than to cut down the growing brush — though that would have burned longer. I could not have chopped it down even if I had known this, as the hatchet the carpenter had brought me from town had never been sharpened, and I had no means of sharpening it.

It was well along in the afternoon when I took the bread out of the oven, and I resolved not to bake bread very soon again. I became convinced later that the oven did not bake well. — I took my stick, called my dog, and we sallied forth for a long walk to get over the effects of the bread-baking.

My dog was fond of chasing birds and rabbits, and would repeatedly vanish from my sight. Then my heart would fail me, and I would say, "I shall never see that dear little creature again! What shall I do without him?"

One day I had gone to mail some letters; the dog followed some birds and did not come when I called him; he must have been away from me for more than an hour. I thought, "This time the coyotes surely have gotten the little scamp," and my heart ached. I hurried home, and when I got near the shack, he was sitting on the doorstep, just as glad to see me as I was to see him. He had found a ram's skull to sharpen his teeth on. He was only a few months old.

About this time my neighbors brought me some groceries from town, also a tin to go around the hole of the stovepipe to protect the tent. I made some holes through the tin and carefully sewed it on with string. During the night I was awakened by a terrible tempest. The stovepipe flew out

with rattling noise, the tin which so lately had been put in place came down with a crash, and everything was bending and creaking, while the dust blew in from all sides. My dog trembled like an aspen-leaf. Lightnings and thunderbolts passed over us, but no rain descended. It seemed as if the spirits of the air were having a battle. I did not feel in the least afraid, but went to sleep again while the storm was still raging.

Ere the sun appeared on the horizon, I awoke. The eastern sky was splendidly gorgeous with a bright orange color. I arose at once to survey the damage. There was enough to do, and at times it seemed keenly oppressive that I had the work of both a man and a woman to do; but I had courage and learned in time to hit a nail on the head, and became enabled to make things much more comfortable for myself.

I set up the stovepipe, which had five joints, and nailed the tin to the ridge-pole. The tent had been so poorly fastened; it was much too small for the sides, and looked like a small cap on a big head; it had blown off almost entirely.

My trials seemed to reach the climax when the water out of the brandy-barrels began to make me ill. It occurred to me to boil it. After that I could use it with impunity, but yet I did not like it. I called on my neighbor, who gave me a loaf of bread and some potatoes to take home. When I had left home, I felt as if I never wanted to come back, I felt so weary of it all; but after my visit it seemed quite pleasant to be at home once more.

I had laid in a supply of canned goods. The West could never have been settled if these had not been, and it is said that the trail out there is marked by empty tomato-cans. The canned vegetables were pretty good, but the meats, canned by a rich and well-known firm, were an unspeakably disgusting mess, and I felt that I owed my dog a debt of gratitude for condescending to eat them.

How easily most of us are influenced by others! Five or six times I made up my mind to have a well drilled,

though it would take all I had in the world. Then I would meet some one who was not so hopeful of the future, and I abandoned the idea. One heard all kinds of reports about Horse Heaven, mostly discouraging ones, but I was undismayed. I said to myself, "God has led me this way; I hope I may eventually do some good with this land. I ask for neither wealth nor honor; I only wish to earn a living." This I felt sure my Father would grant me.

I had a number of books with me, Shakespeare, Keats, Browning, and others. I had to smile when I came to "Humility's so good when pride is impossible." This seemed peculiarly my case. I was living in a new, dusty country, without any conveniences, and though at times many things seemed hard, yet on the whole I was pretty happy. I could say no unkindnesses to or about any one, nor did I think such thoughts as I examined myself, and I could pet my dog and smile at him, and he appreciated it.

People sometimes have asked me, "Didn't you feel the solitude? What did you do? How did you pass the time?" I said, "It is true, I had all the time there was, just like you, and it takes almost all of it to take care of oneself. When we have made our toilet, prepared our food, washed the dishes, cleaned and taken care of the house, washed, ironed, patched, darned, cared for our souls, and slept, the precious time is all used up." As I look over my diary, I find it the rule that, "I saw no human beings to-day."

All the time I was in Horse Heaven I had no clock, because, in the first place, it made no difference to me what time it was, and secondly, because I am a kind of clock myself, having lived so much by the hour, in schools and colleges, so that I am usually not far wrong in telling time. Only once, as I have recorded, I rose too early, another time, later on, I got to the schoolhouse as the people were leaving it, and the third time, when I was superintendent of a Sunday-school, I arrived there at eight o'clock instead of at ten.

My neighbors — the only ones that I saw during this second summer, except those toward the west, whom I called on once only — were raising wheat, and were now getting

ready to harvest it by hauling much water from the Yakima River, to have it ready for the nineteen horses required for heading it.

As their groceries were nearly exhausted, my neighbors planned to drive to town in order to get what was needed for the harvesters.

Do we not all, at some time in our lives, get to the Vale of Humiliation when we seem constrained to do the very things which we have always despised? Country people had looked too awfully funny to me when they arrived in town, all covered with dust and mud; the market women with big fascinators over their heads and bonnets on top of this; sitting on chairs placed in the wagons because there were no seats. Well, my time had come, and I became as one of them.

On July 16th I rose with the sun. After an early breakfast I walked over to my neighbors, who were going to take me to town with them. Their only vehicle was a lumber wagon. The family, man, wife, and child, filled the front seat while a chair was placed in the back for me. Can you imagine how I felt? I was arrayed suitably, if not becomingly.

The heavy vehicle was drawn by Maud S. and Benjamin Franklin, called Franklin for short. Old Nick needed to be shod, and was tied on behind. The only way such a combination could travel was — slowly.

Arrived in Prosser, we shook as much dust as was possible from our garments, made some city changes in our clothing, and then I hastened to the post-office to get my mail. After doing my errands, I stayed at the house of my acquaintances till I should be called for.

Late in the afternoon the lumber-wagon, with Old Nick also attached, swung around the corner, and I took my place in it to go back to Horse Heaven. It rained. My acquaintance lent me an old chenille tablecloth for a shawl and her son's old cap, as I had no umbrella. Two long freight-trains were standing on the tracks and barred the crossing. To save time my neighbor decided to cross the tracks in another

place. We were strenuously holding on when we went up and down the elevation on which the tracks were laid.

After that we crept on slowly. The evening was beautiful, the river peaceful, and the light on the mountains and valley enchanting. As we were ascending the hills with slow and painful steps, darkness crept over us. We heard the howling of coyotes as we came into Horse Heaven. It was too late for me to go home, and my neighbors kindly invited me to stay overnight.

No matter how small and poor a house in this Western country may be, people are always ready to take you in and give you the best they have.

While Mrs. Jones was preparing the late supper, she heard her husband exclaiming sorrowfully that the cow had broken down a tree — one of the fifteen out of fifty they had planted. I am glad to remark that these trees, mostly peach-trees, grew well and bore fruit while I was still living in Horse Heaven. After breakfast I returned home with Honey and some of my packages. It seemed a satisfaction to be home once more and have butter to eat.

In the afternoon, the day being cool and pleasant, I walked two miles north to the top of the highest hill from where I have the fine view of the Yakima Valley, and the Cascades with Mount Rainier and Mount Adams. In the evening it was so bracing, though about the middle of July, that I wore my heavy golf cape while I watched the sunset.

I was continually devising improvements and carrying them out as best I could. My appetite was good, and occasionally I would prepare dishes I had not had for years. On this particular day I had dumplings with melted butter; they made a very satisfactory meal, and reminded me of my dear mother. For dessert I had some cherries that I had brought from town, "black republicans," not of the noblest type.

Towards evening I walked south, till I came to quite a nice little house; it seemed to me that my southern government corner must be near there.

In looking over my diary, I find it recorded, and I have

repeatedly stated, that I spent many happy days on my claim, despite the solitude. One of the first and most useful things I made was a ladder. It was constructed of some two-by-fours, which were connected by pieces of board. I used it for gaining the top of the shack and for going down into the cistern, which I later dug. To see it again some day will seem like meeting an old, tried friend.

I was trying to have good things to eat. When one eats all alone, it is necessary that the food be tempting. In good company everything tastes good. My neighbor brought me some water in a South African water-bag; this I hung outside my shack into the air, where it kept cool. Of course, it did not last long. The water in the barrels had become nauseating, and I was continually tantalized by thirst; so I went to my neighbors, two miles off, to get a pail of water.

I was now pondering to find some way to keep my butter and water cool and resolved to dig a hole into the ground. This I did on the following morning on the northeast side of the shack. While I did it, I could understand what the poet meant who said, "My mind to me a kingdom is." Of course, all must think thus, but I enjoyed it so much when it was suggestive, creative, and my accomplished works, no matter how poor and simple, were always superior to my first conception of them.

I began digging with my butcher-knife, which, strange to say, cut! The soil was exactly like flour packed down into a barrel. As the work progressed, I thought it best to make a hole large enough to hold my tin washtub. Into this I put a piece of carpet, and on it I set a granite pail full of water, and into this the butter encased in tin. I covered all with another piece of carpet and the tub with a roundish wooden lid of my own making. "How good it will be to have a drink of cool water in this hot weather!" I exclaimed when the work was finished, which remark reminded me of "Hans im Glueck" (in Grimm's Tales), and I could not help wishing that my fate might not be like his.

The weather was beginning to get hotter; many days, however, with ninety degress in the shade were very com-

fortable because of the gentle breezes that seemed to blow constantly.

I had no cook-book, and sometimes things I made did not turn out to my satisfaction, which taught me to think more modestly of my "cooking powers."

There were millions of flies in Horse Heaven, and when I saw a wasp killing one, I wished for legions of wasps. The days were too long if I did not busy myself in the kitchen. I sometimes wondered if I should ever again have clothes-presses, bureaus, plenty of water, and a bathroom. My shack seemed quite pretty to me, but how much more I should have enjoyed it if friends had come in sometimes and said, "How well you have arranged things!"

One of my greatest trials was not being able to send or get mail; there was neither certainty nor regularity about it. I went frequently to my neighbors for drinking-water. On this particular day I took my mail, hoping to strike some one going to town. My neighbor had gone already, and I awaited his return. Unfortunately he had forgotten to ask for my mail. His wife gave me a loaf of bread and lent me a jug, which I brought home full of water, and I felt very rich in knowing that I could have a drink of water whenever I wanted it. I found out that we have a great deal when we have bread and water.

I arrived at home after sunset and ate my supper, which consisted of bread and butter, water, and a piece of cake which I had baked; it was a little too rich, but I could stand that.

It was so quiet, and the loudest sound that I could hear was the buzzing of the flies. Usually the sky was blue and serene, not a cloud to be seen. I hoped I was learning what God was trying to teach me in the silence and the solitude of the desert.

On Sunday, July 25, late in the afternoon, I walked one and a half miles west to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hall. They had a lovely little girl five years old. Although I already had eaten supper at home, I was easily entreated to eat another with my kind neighbors. It was good to

be there, and the meal seemed bountiful. I was told that fruits and vegetables were plentiful in the valley.

A number of my neighbors are from Illinois and Missouri, good, intelligent people. Many of them planted vegetables such as radishes, onions, lettuce, and peas. Later years taught them that they could have a spring garden, but during the heat of summer most vegetables dried up.

All the settlers used canned milk, and it proved very satisfactory. Even now I prefer it to thin cream. We used it also in cooking and baking.

At Mr. Hall's they had such good things to eat and such a variety that I pricked up my ears. Mrs. Hall wiped each dish as she set the table. When all else was ready, she went out and in a minute came back with nice, hard butter, which she set on the table.

"How do you keep the butter so nice and hard?" I exclaimed. "We hang it into the cistern." Then I inquired who had dug the cistern, how deep it was, how large. Mr. Hall had dug it, and it had taken him about six days.

The life of this family with the cistern seemed luxurious and easy compared with my own, and I went home determined to have a cistern too.

I began the work next morning with my butcher-knife and a little stove-shovel. I selected the site on the north side of the shack because the cistern would be kept cool by the shadow of the building. I had been advised to make the cistern square, because it would be easier to cement, which I did. In the beginning I was very orderly, putting the earth I dug up into a bucket and distributing it here and there. On my way back I always gathered up some sagebrush, of which I soon had a high pile by the side of the kitchen-tent.

I worked till the shadow of the shack's pointed roof was exactly opposite, and I rested twice during the forenoon, which seemed a great treat. I had very good thoughts while I labored. I said to myself, "You are now one of the hard-working multitude, and have an idea how people feel who do such work." It seemed to me that they might

be both good and happy. The temperature was as high as 86 degrees while I worked that day.

I had a simple dinner, after which I bathed and changed my clothing. The exercise made me thirsty, and the water in the jug got low. It was rather hard to feel obliged to stint oneself in drinking water. Toward evening I went to my neighbor and brought back a fresh supply of it. The sun had set when I reached home. I strained the water to get out the sage-leaves which had fallen into it as I walked among the brush, and stored it away carefully; then I sat in the moonlight till it was time to go to bed.

The following morning I attacked the cistern again and did a good bit of work, although it was 96 degrees in the shade. When, late in the afternoon, I tried to write my diary, the flies pestered me so that I had to give it up, and I and Honey went for a walk south over my land. It grew cooler and pleasanter, and when we got home, we saw that our neighbors had been there, and had brought some bread and water.

I had asked them to lend me their spade, and was wondering whether they had noticed the hole in the ground, when, sure enough, there was the spade and my cistern had been dug a foot deeper. This act of kindness touched me deeply, and I shall never forget it. I have had many joys in life, but not many as great as this one. The footprints of little Jane's feet were around the cistern, and I felt very sorry to have missed my kind neighbors.

I continued the digging on Wednesday, after having attended to my household duties, and was very much pleased with the results. I got down so deep that I did not know what I should do if I got down deeper. Again I worked till noon, and considered digging fine physical exercise.

As the time went on, the water in my barrels tasted less and less of brandy, and I was glad.

I had not had any mail for a fortnight, and found I could not live without it any longer, so I walked down to Prosser the way I had come up when I had lost my way.

Before reaching the brow of the hills, I came upon

a man who was driving to town. He had a homestead in Horse Heaven, too, and his wife was from Vermont. He had high hopes for this region, and thought a farm up there ten years from now would be worth ten thousand dollars.

I found a dozen letters at the post office, and sat down in the livery stable close by to read them. When I had finished, a farmer came for his team, and as he lived in my direction, I could drive at least four miles with him. Very foolishly I got out to walk ere we ascended the hills. This time I got lost again. I went up a high hill and then down it, and then up another and down on the other side. Many of these hills are full of rocks and precipices, and to get down them is no easy matter. This time I went too far west. From time to time I sat down and reread some of my letters, took a drink out of my water-bottle, and poured some down the doggie's throat until the supply was exhausted. I had my opera glasses with me and kept spying out for my home. To see it was a delight.

The next morning saw me at my task again. The hole was six feet square and four feet deep. I had struck bed-rock and could not go deeper with my shovel.

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6. A Sudden Resolve.

After writing some letters, I took them over to my neighbor's to have them mailed, and was shocked and much distressed to hear that they were going away the coming Monday. Mr. Jones was going to work in the harvest fields, and Mrs. Jones, refusing to stay on the claim alone, had rented rooms in Prosser. My consternation was increased when I heard that Mrs. Hall, too, was going away when her husband went, as she would not stay up in Horse Heaven alone. I considered the situation, and as there would be no opportunity for supplying my necessary wants, I resolved to go away, too.

It was now the last of July. If two teams a week passed my place, it was a high average.

I brought all my kitchen-utensils and my bed into the shack, and selected with care the things I would take with me in my suit-case. Mrs. Jones went to town before her husband left the ranch, and he had a pretty hard time to dispose of his live stock. He said I might go down with him when he went. This he told me when he had an errand to do at Mrs. Smith's toward evening. On his way back from there he took me along, so that I might cause no delay next morning.

Late that night Mr. Jones and his nephew, a young boy staying with the Jones's, caught the chickens and cut off the wing-feathers of one wing with a butcher-knife. Of the two hundred hatched but twenty-nine remained. It was thought that the coyotes had disposed of the rest. Singing, the two drove off to a neighboring farmer eastward, who was to keep the chickens till the Jones's returned. When they came back, they made themselves comfortable on the hay-stack, where they slept that night.

Most Western men know how to cook, and the next morning my neighbors prepared quite an elaborate breakfast. As soon as all were ready we started. Another neighbor had taken several of the horses to board, but the rest of the live-stock had to be taken into the valley.

Of course, we went on the lumber-wagon, which was devoid of a seat. I cowered in front with my dog. The clothes I intended to wear had been carefully put into a pillow-case, and my hat pinned securely in a cloth to avoid the dust. I wore my Horse Heaven clothes.

Near me, in the middle of the wagon, was the fat and only pig, its four feet bound with a rope, and besides attached to the wagon by ropes. The cow was hitched to the back of the wagon, and was followed by her calf, which must have been in its second year. The wagon, with the decorations mentioned, was followed by John, the nephew, on horseback, the horse being accompanied by its colt. Mr. Jones stood in the front corner of the wagon as he drove.

I felt that we were quite a procession, but this time pride was out of the question. It was the first of August

and very hot. We drove exceedingly slowly, to make it easy for the cow and her calf. From moment to moment the heat became more and more intense, and the dust continued to cover us like a cloud. The pig, which weighed a hundred and fifty pounds, grew more and more uncomfortable as time went on; it began to throw itself now on this side, now on that. It came so close to me that it heated me like a stove; in its agony it would bite the ropes stretched across the wagon, until blood flowed from its mouth; then it would turn toward me again and beslobber my dress. My situation was unique, and I sympathized cordially with the pig.

It was about noon when we reached the valley, and great was my relief when the pig was set free and put into a delightful orchard with plenty of water. Mr. Jones slashed its ears, and the blood flowed from it, but the animal did not seem to suffer pain.

After some efforts a temporary home was found for the cow and calf, also for the horses.

As I got down from the wagon, Mr. Jones said, "Don't you wish this was the last time you ever had to come down from Horse Heaven?" I said, "I do."

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7. A Visit.

That same afternoon I started for Walla Walla via Pasco, whose slogan has been, "Keep your eye on Pasco," while a fellow-traveler advised me to keep it on my suit-case. I succeeded very well in smuggling Honey through, as he was so little and so wise. Pasco lies in a sandy desert, and near it the Snake River, spanned by a railroad bridge, flows into the Columbia. A great future has been prophesied for the town because of its location; but on that day its greatness was still far away.

To prevent the railroad from being swamped by the sand, which the wind blows at its own free will, barriers of boards are found along the sides of the railroad to keep the sand

from flying farther. In some places the sand is so high that only the upper half of the telegraph poles is visible. Although Walla Walla is but 65 miles from Prosser, because the railroads do not work to help each other, we had to stay in Pasco overnight. It was very hot. Pasco seemed composed mostly of saloons. I saw a dear little Chinese boy there in his father's shop, and I smelled his father's pigs. The next morning I was able to continue my journey, and towards noon I reached Walla Walla. To get there we passed through miles and miles of golden wheat-fields till they became tiresome to look at. Horse Heaven is like this country in appearance and soil.

Walla Walla resembles North Yakima in some respects; it is also surrounded by rich farms. The hotel seemed luxurious after Horse Heaven. It was delightful to have fresh fruits and vegetables, ice, and plenty of good water.

The wheat-harvest was in full swing. In the town there were many saloons, and graphophones resounded day and night. The stores were large and well equipped, and money seemed plentiful.

During my sojourn there I met the wife of Dr. Yancey Blalock, who showed me many kindnesses.

From Walla Walla I sent a postal to my dear friend Miss Jane M. Slocum, at Weiser, Idaho. She answered it immediately, saying I could not be so very far away, and asking me to come at once and pay her a visit. I rejoiced, saying, "The Lord is mindful of His own, He remembereth His children in this strange land," and took the next train for Weiser. How good is an old friend! How very precious is an old friend! To say I was happy is putting it mildly.

I hastened to Weiser on the next train, and when my friend was reading the postal card I had sent her, I stood before the door. We had not seen each other for years. It is not hard to imagine the rest. Miss Slocum has always had a host of friends; imagine therefore my richness, since the friends of our friends are our friends.

Miss Jane M. Slocum, of Quaker descent, formerly was associated with three friends who had a school called Granger

Place at Canandaigua, N. Y. She is the girls' principal of the Idaho Industrial Institute, which she helped the Rev. Mr. E. A. Paddock start in the sage-brush two miles north of Weiser. This school was called into life to give an education to young men and women living in country districts where there were no schools, or where school was in session only a few months in the year.

The pupils have to be fifteen years old and pay for their schooling by manual work of some kind. The school gives, as its president has put it, "an education and a trade to every boy and girl who is willing to work for it."

After I had been at Weiser a day or two, somebody in need of clothes came to see Miss Slocum about them.

"We will look around at Wanamaker's," she said; "perhaps we can find something there."

"What!" I exclaimed, "has Wanamaker a store here in Weiser?" "No," she replied, "that's what we call the room where the old clothes are kept that are sent from the East. I'll take you there some cool morning." So one rather cool morning we went to Wanamaker's, which was situated above the carpenter shop.

Being a philanthropically inclined pioneer, I was permitted to become a beneficiary of Wanamaker's. There were garments of all kinds to choose from; everything imaginable was there. I have already remarked that fine clothes are not desirable on a dusty claim, away from the world, and Wanamaker's was the place to supply my wants. So I fitted myself out to my perfect satisfaction with a red wrapper of outing flannel, which I gave my neighbor as soon as I got home. Secondly I selected a long Dolman of the style of 1880, and an alpaca coat to keep the dust off if I ever rode over the country roads. It disappeared I know not where. I also picked out an old golf skirt, with which I later made another neighbor happy.

The Tyrolese leggins I bought were useful to me as long as I lived in Horse Heaven, and I did not pass them on until I had proved up. A Paris hat, a bunch of violets, and shoes of different sizes completed my purchases, for which I paid

a modest sum, and which delighted me more than anything I had ever bought at Wanamaker's in New York.

At Weiser (pronounced Weezer, and named for a German of that name who used to live there with the Indians) one sees the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains. The town and some of the surrounding country are under irrigation,—hence mosquitoes in the evening.

The summer was flying away, and the opening of school was drawing near. I had accumulated so many treasures that a box had to be provided with handles, hinges, and a lock in which I could take all these nice things home, whither I again wended my way.

I was able to avoid a lengthy stay in Pasco, but was held this time a whole day by Pendleton, a rich, prosperous town of Oregon. When I had looked at all I wanted to see, I went into one of the shops where they make saddles, chapparals, and moccasins; I never had seen such beautiful saddles and harness. Red and black leather was used mostly, and was stamped with all kinds of designs. I was permitted to make little things to pass the time, and I still have one of them.

This business catered almost exclusively to the Indian trade. There is a factory in Pendleton where the bright Indian blankets are made. In this shop they sold large felt hats for the Indian men, and silk handkerchiefs, shawls, beads, and bead-work for women and men. I left Weiser on Monday afternoon, and arrived at Prosser Wednesday morning in time for breakfast. The first person I met was Mrs. Jones. To my joy they all were home again in Horse Heaven, and they had a hack! I certainly rejoiced with them. The difference between a lumber-wagon and a hack is as great as the difference between a pig and a cow.

When I had shed my good clothes and had donned some of my Wanamaker clothes, I began to ascend the mountains fortified with a bag of fruit and accompanied by my dear, faithful dog.

I tried to avoid former mistakes, but strayed again. When I was lost the preceding time and going up the steep

hills and down the stony ones, my heart almost failed me, and when I was suffering with thirst, I would say to myself, "Why are you such a fool? Why will you not walk on the common, dusty road?" And then I promised myself I would never again go off the beaten track, as Little Red Riding-Hood promised her mother, and when the next time came, I loathed the common road; I always felt that I should discover some new and better way. It took me five years to become willing to walk on the road.

This particular time it seemed as if I could not get away from the Yakima River, and could not get sight of Horse Heaven. Finally, when I had become reconciled to the idea of sleeping anywhere, somewhere in the sage-brush, I saw a shack and clothes on the line, always the most comforting assurance that the occupants were at home. A large number of black pigs were disporting themselves on the wheat-stubble.

A pleasant-looking young woman was sitting before the door, holding her charming baby. I asked her if her husband would not take me home as I was weary and foot-sore. It was five o'clock.

When the man came in from work, the horses were tired, and I was invited to spend the night. The weary farmer slept on the kitchen-floor, and I slept with his wife.

The next morning I found that I was near home. Two miles south brought me to Mr. Jones's and two more home, where we found the shack very dirty, which was to be expected. An enterprising mouse had reared a family in the box in which were my best pillows, and had lined her nest with some of the feathers.

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8. Once More on Horse Heaven.

I began at once to clean the house, sweeping and dusting it. Scrubbing at that time was a luxury and out of the question. Ere long everything was clean and in its place again.

It was now the first week in October, and so hazy I could

not see the gap in the Columbia. The thermometer was still 92 degrees in the shade.

As the days passed, I felt that my being up there alone would not do much to develop the farm, and I hoped I might be needed somewhere else for a while, I did not know where.

My neighbors, the Jones's, had had their first crop, but did not realize enough to pay off their debts. Others, who had been in the country longer, encouraged them. It is very hard and costly to begin anything in a new country. Mrs. Jones said, "We must do as Miss Sihler does."

"What is that?" I asked. "Trust more in God," my neighbor replied.

I was told that Mr. Morris and his family lived in the school-section which cornered on my land, and so I started out one day to find them and to get some water. As I have the unhappy failing of going astray in the sage-brush, I landed a mile and a half from my destination, but finally got to Mr. Morris's house. I had been told by the neighbor who directed me there that Mrs. Morris had gone to visit her parents in Oklahoma, and that she did not like it in Horse Heaven. As I could not find Mr. Morris, I went into the house, which was one large room. It looked very pleasant there. I helped myself to the water in the tea-kettle and to the half bucketful, and left a note of thanks on the table. I saw that they read the *Youth's Companion,* and thought that people who read that paper must be very nice, and could not be quite unhappy even in Horse Heaven, and I say this though I bear the *Youth's Companion* a grudge for never publishing any of the good things I sent it.

Somehow life never was uninteresting to me. That night I dreamed I was invited to help eat a fat wild goose. In the fall many hunters come up into Horse Heaven to shoot the geese that come there by the thousands to eat the wheat in the stubble. At night they stay on islands in the Columbia, and while there, no one is allowed to shoot them.

It was a dramatic moment in my life when I heard the first rush of wings and the chattering voices of a flock of geese in the distance, and at once I looked for them and

took delight in their triangular procession. My dog at such times was beside himself with excitement. At times the geese were up so high as to be barely visible, while at other times their flight would be quite low.

I kept house as well as I could, doing all a good housekeeper can do. It seemed a privilege to be permitted to do washing in a dry country, and I rejoiced in the acquisition of every new household utensil. It was a red-letter day when I got some flat-irons, and the little wash-boiler I bought the following year gave me more real pleasure and satisfaction than any concert that I ever heard — and I am fond of music and have heard the best.

One Sunday morning I started again for the only painted house, which I had visited more than a year before. I hoped to find great improvements. As it was, it reminded me of the whited sepulchers of ill repute; there was no living being anywhere, and no improvements of any kind had been made since I had last honored the place with my presence.

I spent several hours every day in walking, now in one direction, now in another. I delighted in my walks, and oft went singing over hill and dale. My health was perfect, as it has been all my life, for which I thank God.

Towards evening the mice would steal into the house and annoy me during the night. Honey was as yet too inexperienced to attack them. The only plant that I had growing on the place was a hop-vine; up this the mice would run at dusk and get into the shack through the cracks and knot-holes, and some would go in through a hole in the doorstep, as I had no threshold. When I had profited by my observation, I took my hatchet and nails in hand, and with shingles and other bits of wood I closed up these places, and after this the little creatures ceased disturbing me.

I did not make a study of mice, but noticed that there were several species; one kind was particularly pretty, fawn-colored above and white below.

I copy from my diary in the autumn of 1904: "The calmness and joy of this Sunday morning can be surpassed nowhere in the world. There is peace in my heart and

nature. A gentle breeze cools the air. My little home seems charming. It takes little to supply the physical wants of a lady, and she wastes nothing. Though I live here alone, I trust there is work for which I and my farm are being prepared; for surely it is God who worketh in me to do His good pleasure. I can do nothing but prosecute faithfully the things my soul points to."

I used to wonder how far my land extended. Every time I walked out, I thought I had found the boundaries, and every time they seemed different. Mr. Jones had proposed bringing up the fence-posts when he hauled his wheat to town, but he never did.

I could not get any one to finish my cistern. I besought Mr. Morris to do it. He had just dipped his seed-wheat in formaldehyde and was drying it on a platform, when I spoke to him about it. He said he might lose thousands if he did it now, but he promised to do it later when all his work was done. He advised me to make the cistern round, as a square one would not be able to withstand the pressure when we got irrigation. This sounded good to me, and I liked round better anyway than square.

So I went home and worked two days longer on my cistern, making it round. It is more than eight feet in diameter, and can hold more than two thousand gallons.

Much of the time I lived in "The Forest of Arden," even though there were no trees there.

"What pleasant things will happen to me to-day?" I asked of life when I awoke the next morning, which happened to be September 19. The weather was delightful, almost chilly in the early morning. Everybody knows that cooking is a fine art, and as my stores of provisions were limited, I frequently invented dishes which proved satisfactory to both me and little Honey. Horse Heaven pie, for instance, simply tender pie-crust rolled thin and baked in any pan. I served it to myself broken in pieces half as large as my hand, and stewed and sweetened rhubarb or any other rich fruit upon it. This kind of pie is easy to bake, and I thus avoided the sodden, unwholesome lower crust.

I was not so great a bread-eater that I was willing to devote overmuch time to baking, and resorted to "flad bröd," the bread of the Norwegians, which I made as follows: I put three cups of white flour and one of corn-meal into a pan. After adding salt, a little sugar, and a spoonful of shortening, I poured boiling water (not too much), stirred it altogether, covered it, and let it stand for an hour or two, and then kneaded it a little. With the grooved rolling-pin of the Scandinavians one can roll dough very thin. I have seen "flad-bröd" that seemed more like lace than anything else, it was so thin and fine. I rolled a piece of dough about the size of a small apple till it was as thin as possible and round. I had a slow fire in the stove, which I had washed off, and on top of it I put this cake, which was about eighteen inches in diameter. When it was light-brown on the underside, I turned it and baked it on the other. The baking did not take any more than two or three minutes. When all the dough had been baked in this way, I put the cakes into a flour-sack, tied a loose knot in the top, and hung it on a nail in the kitchen. This bread was crisp and delicious with fresh butter.

While I was making noodles in my kitchen-tent, Mr. McNeill, the sheriff of Benton County, who had located me, drove up to the corner of the fenced section. With him was my prospective neighbor, whom he introduced to me. They were trying to stake his northeast corner from the bearings they could gather from the fenced land.

The prospect of having near neighbors filled me with joy, and the next day I walked over to the place where two shacks were going up on the adjoining quarter sections. One of the men had brought his wife up. They had generous supplies of provisions, and I found them feasting in the sage-brush. The second man said he wasn't married.

The next morning I walked over to the new shacks again. They were finished, and the people, carpenter and all, were anxious to go back to Seattle. As I needed groceries, I offered to go to town and bring up a conveyance for them.

I enjoyed every step of the way. My way this time led

me through a region of purple asters and bushes of yellow flowers, neither a fine kind, but they were pleasing in their great profusion, though the purple ones had a disgusting odor when touched.

After having my provisions put on the wagon, I got in myself, and we proceeded up the hills. It began to rain, it rained hard, and all of it was one long, drawn-out thunder-shower. I got very wet. At four o'clock we arrived at the new shacks, where my new neighbors were more than eager to start. They bestowed upon me meat, bread and butter, fruits, vegetables, and their good wishes, and took me home in a pouring rain. When I tried to make a fire to prepare my supper, the wet sage-brush would not burn, and I resorted to my chafing-dish.

As it seemed cold, damp, and gloomy, I soon went to bed. I had never lighted a lamp at night; somehow it seemed uncanny to be there alone. As I found little time for reading, I resolved to begin cultivating my mind in the evening.

While I was getting the hack, the new neighbors had placed several stakes on the line dividing our land; they had tied white rags to them. I went out the next morning to examine them, and was glad to know where my northeast and southeast corners were.

The following day was a busy one. I had bought fruit-jars and peaches, but I had no rubber-rings, so I made preserves. Fruit was very inexpensive.

The day after that I finished rounding my cistern. The new neighbor left me his spade and pickax, which made me feel rich and powerful. I made the sides of the cistern as smooth as possible, and finished the work in two further half days.

The difference between the Western country and the rest of the world is this — elsewhere you eat a peck of dirt in a lifetime, here you do it annually, and a good measure, too.

Our people now began to hold Sunday-school at the schoolhouse two miles west. I was glad and attended regu-

larly, taking my dog with me. At the first meeting there were eight persons. I became acquainted with more of the settlers, who told me many of the others were away picking hops or packing fruit. When they came back, it was thought I could get plenty of people to finish my cistern. After returning home and writing a few letters, another day was gone. "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

I decreed to wash the following day, and put to soak the dirtiest clothes I ever had in all my life. The water was low in both barrels. Toward evening my neighbors drove over, bringing my mail and my valises, but not my trunk, for which I had been waiting two weeks. The people at the station had told them it wasn't there; it *was,* and I had seen it there myself, and felt disposed to get wrathy.

I felt so helpless twelve miles from a lemon and without any other means of locomotion but my feet. Had I had horses, the care of them would have added greatly to my burdens and expense, and so I preferred to do without them. I often longed for congenial company; how gladly would I have given the best the shack afforded!

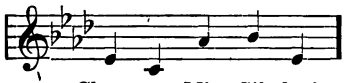
I did not feel proud of my washing, which I had spread over the sage-brush to dry, hoping the sun would be my helpful ally.

The next morning a dear little fluffy brown bird flew into my house and up to the window. The dog got it, but let go when I told him to do so. As I looked at it, I saw that it was reddish-brown in color with short wings and a little tail standing up like the wren's.

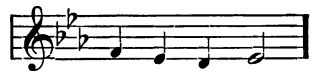
For the first time in my life I saw magpies, which are birds of prey. But the bird that cheers the heart of the lonely homesteader is the Western meadow-lark as it sings its various lays. You can read the description of his dress, his size, and all that in a bird-book. I am not able to describe it perfectly, but so many, many times have I looked at this beautiful bird from my window and elsewhere. When I saw its front, it was all the brightest yellow and with a jet black harness. I am not describing my dearest bird

friend scientifically, I do not wish to. I am sure there is no bird anywhere else in the whole world that comes up to the Western meadow-lark. It is the personification of courage and cheerfulness. It lives the year round in Washington and Oregon, and on a frosty morning its song is even more inspiring and comforting than during pleasant weather. It seemed to me as if the female, which is adorned in a suit only a little paler than that of her spouse, sings just like him.

Many songs of meadow-larks have been expressed by notes, and they are very manifold. The following are those I mostly noticed and remembered. How many times my heart has been encouraged and strengthened when a meadow-



Cheer up, Miss Sih-ler!

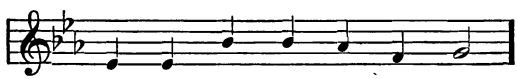


The Lord be praised!

lark would say to me, "Cheer up, Miss Sihler!" and I always answered, "I will"; and I did, too.

In Horse Heaven they very often sang (I had the music), "The Lord be praised."

And wasn't it surprising that they should sing the first line of one of the best-loved German Christmas songs "Lasst uns alle froehlich sein"? I often wondered where they had learned it. They sang many other tunes, but I could not catch them; these three I remembered best.



Lasst uns al - le froeh-lich sein!

I observed, too, that their song in Idaho was different from their song in Oregon, just as human speech differs in various regions. I also noticed that some of the meadow-larks were more musical than others, the same as with human beings; they would sing the same tunes, but sometimes their musical ear was not true. Others again had taken cold, and sang as we do under similar circumstances. Often when I was out walking, a bird would fly before me

and light on a fence-post ere I had caught up with him, and he would fly off again, like luck, which we see and pursue, but can never grasp.

I know of no music so joyful, so enchanting, so wonderful as is the song of the meadow-lark. Be it winter or spring, a meadow-lark always convinces you that life is good and well worth living. When I came down from Horse Heaven the last time, my friend called, "Good-bye, Miss Sihler!" I told him not to call me that name, but he answered he could say no other; and when I go back there again, I am sure he will greet me by saying, "Welcome, Miss Sihler!" Meanwhile I say, "God bless the West and all the meadow-larks!"

I feel a great personal indebtedness toward this precious bird, yet I can give it nothing. It does not even know of my love towards it. But I can turn my face with loving gratitude to the wonderful, omnipotent Creator, who thought out all these things, and who has wrought all our works in us.

Only those who have lived under conditions similar to mine can understand how many things had to be considered before I could carry out any plan whatever. I depended on my neighbors for every drop of water and every mouthful of food, and if I needed anything, I had to go and talk it over with them, so that they might help me make arrangements.

Since my return from Idaho the air had been hazy. It was thought that this was caused by distant forest fires. On September 28th the air was clear again, and I had once more those fine outlooks into great distances and the charming colorings of the desert.

Though it was late in the season, I resolved to put up fruit, and walked down to buy both the fruit and the jars, and my neighbor brought them up. The weather was pleasant and warm, the air like wine.

It was too late for peaches, but I secured three kinds of prunes and pears, all at a cent a pound. For $1.50 I had more fruit than my jars would hold. I spent September 30th, my dear mother's birthday, putting up this fruit at my neighbor's, to whom I gave a dollar for the use of her fire and

the necessary water. I canned five dozen jars of it. Some of it lasted till my last year of homesteading, and it was all very good. I left the fruit in my neighbor's cellar.

On Sunday morning a sage-brush snake crept into the open door of my shack just as I was coming out of the kitchen. It crawled under my trunk, which after a while I moved, and accidentally killed the snake. On the same day I went to the bookcase, which I had made myself, to get a book; when I moved the curtain, a big mouse stared at me out of its shoe-button eyes. As I remarked before, Honey was a mere pup at that time and not yet very aggressive.

That afternoon a land agent drove by. He praised the country and prophesied irrigation and a grand future, and said what I liked to hear about it.

A few hours later a man who had driven clear across Horse Heaven came by and said it was the most God-forsaken country he had ever seen; he was driving to Bickleton. When *such* persons watered their horses, they would have to pay twenty-five cents each time!

It was thought that the big Klickitat could be turned out of its bed and used for irrigating Horse Heaven. Last fall (1909) the Klickitat Power and Irrigation Co. made an agreement with the Horse Heaven farmers, in which they promised that there shall be irrigation in Horse Heaven in 1916. It will cost $60 per acre, and $1.50 more annually for keeping things in repair. A long term is given for paying up.

That the days and months sometimes seemed long, no one will doubt, nor that I sighed, "O God, I pray Thee that the days which seem to me so poor and empty because in them I have done nothing for any of these little ones may nevertheless by Thy mercy be for some good, though I may not live to see it. This I ask for Christ's sake. Amen."

At times, again, it was astonishing how swiftly day followed day. It was quite cool on this fifth of October, and I ran out for a morning's walk to get warm. I was delighted to see my neighbor's children coming over to spend the day while their parents were in town.

It was a great satisfaction to know my northeast corner, and frequently I went there on a pilgrimage just for a little diversion.

The next morning I went to my neighbor's to see how the children had gotten home, hoping also to get some mail. I got a letter from my mother, who called me her "Sorgenkind" (child of care). I had planned to stay on my claim that winter as I did not know what else to do.

A second letter was from Miss Slocum. I had sent her my article, "My Horse Heaven Home," published in the *Illustrated Home Journal,* of St. Louis; she had read it to the school, and Mr. Paddock said, "Invite Miss Sihler to spend the winter."

I have always put my trust in God, and He has never forsaken me. Here again He proved His watchful providence. I was glad to go among people again and to help and cheer.

Of course, I could not leave on the spot. Meanwhile I continued my daily rounds, enjoying Mother Nature and the devoted companionship of my dog. Do you pity me because I love the beastie? Your sympathy is excusable, but wasted, and you can never know what you missed.

Honey was never out of my sight. Of course, this was mutual, and I think I should have been considered an indulgent mistress by any one who saw the collection of playthings my pet had gathered together on the doorstep — the fragments of a snake, a rubber shoe, a sheep's leg with much of the pelt on it, and a ram's skull. In the course of time my darling devoured several skulls; he probably needed the bones for his growth, and bones were more plentiful in Horse Heaven than meat.

I spaded some ground under my window for a flower-bed and sowed seed, which I hoped would come up by next spring — Scotch broom, traveler's joy, poppies, pansies, locusts, and fox-gloves. Nothing ever sprang up.

Saturday, October 15, was my cleaning-up day, and I took great pains with the work on hand. In the afternoon I went south toward the house I sometimes could and some-

times could not find. After missing it, I made a second attempt, found it, and beheld a goodly sight — a horse, two cows, two wagons, one woman, and four children. I enumerate them as I saw them. They had driven here from Western Washington. The husband, they had told me, was Norwegian, the wife German, and the children American. The woman was just starting out for a load of water, though it was late in the afternoon and quite cool. Their claim was almost directly south of me. The woman told me that their cows had strayed away during the night, and that she had been obliged to walk four miles ere she found them.

I went home and celebrated Saturday night with the beautiful hymn on which we had been brought up and which begins with, "Gott, mein Herz dir Dank zusendet," and thinking of my mother and the days of old in our childhood home in Indiana.

The next morning, just as soon as I had gotten up, I went two miles north on the mountain-top to enjoy the fine scenery. I rejoiced in my free and beautiful life, knowing that I was led by my heavenly Father in all my goings.

When I got home, I prepared my breakfast, and when I was setting the table, I heard a child's voice. Looking out, I saw little Jane driving over with her father, who was bringing my trunk for which I had been waiting five weeks. Jane paid me a little visit while her father did an errand at a western neighbor's. When he returned to fetch her, I asked him, "How soon can you take me and my trunk to town?" "To-morrow," he replied. Then he helped me move the stove into the shack, and to take down and fold my tents. After my neighbors were gone, I continued putting away things and getting ready to leave.

That afternoon I took another walk westward. The sunset was particularly fine, bright gold with dark gray clouds as a foil. I could not keep my eyes away from it, and turned around again and again as I walked back home.

The next morning I started on my journey to Weiser, where I taught in the school, and had private pupils in French and German in the town.

9. More Improvements.

The winter passed pleasantly, but ere the next six months were over, I returned to my claim laden with hats from Wanamaker's for Horse Heaven girls and women.

During my absence Mr. Jones, whom I had ordered to do so, had cleared eighty acres of my land. In olden days people used to grub sage-brush, that is, chop it off at the bottom with an ax; but as this is a hard and slow process, they soon devised an easier method. In Horse Heaven they fasten a steel rail to a heavy log; to this they attach from six to twelve horses. They drive in one direction, and then turn around and drive back. By dragging the rail and log twice over the sage-brush it is broken off. Later the farmer goes over the ground with a very wide rake, and the sage-brush now lies in wind-rows, ready to be burned. This was often done at twilight, and it afforded me much pleasure during the following years to see these bright fires all around; aside from their splendor, they betokened progress.

While I was gone, Mr. Morris had deepened my cistern by a foot and a half, and had carefully cemented it, so that it was a work of art. One afternoon this spring he came over and covered it with double boards to keep out bugs and mice. It was a proud and important moment in my life when the cistern was finished. Aside from my own work, the cement, lumber, and sand-hauling had cost me $25.

New neighbors were on a section one and one half mile towards the east of me. They had sixteen horses and other live stock, and used to drive by my place to get water in The Glades, four or five miles west of me. This man agreed to let me have what was left in his tank-wagon the next morning after watering his stock. He did so and charged me $5.

My heart was full of joy and praise to God for the great benefit I now enjoyed. My life ever after was much easier and pleasanter. The water kept cool in the cistern, and I suspended my food in tin pails around the opening through which I drew the water by means of a bucket on a rope.

Fencing a farm in a treeless country seems a difficult proposition and is arduous enough. I counted the posts on one side of the fenced school section, and found that there were just eighty. As my land is one mile long and a quarter of a mile wide, it was necessary to put up two and one half miles of fence, which seemed quite long. Later, when my neighbors fenced, they put a post between every two of mine and added a second wire to my first one. Two wires are considered sufficient on a line-fence; more are put when the land faces a road.

I always found it necessary to do a thing myself if I wanted it done. So I walked down to Prosser and bought 250 cedar posts at ten cents apiece and enough wire, so they told me at the store, to go around my claim.

All my neighbors kept chickens, and thinking it would add interest to my life and furnish eggs for my table if I kept chickens, too, I resolved to build a chicken-house when the fence was put up.

I was fortunate in being able to get a settler to do the work. He had just fenced his own land, and had some idea how it should be done.

He wanted $2.50 a day and his son, a lad of fourteen, to assist him at $1.50 a day. Later it suited him better to be paid by the hour, and, of course, he had his way. I was glad to have the work done, and walked over the boundaries with the man. Most of my land is level, but on the southwest side there is a depression, and seventeen acres lie lower. It is not such an easy matter to find the line; it may not be just right now; but we did our best to find it.

The broad entrance gates made for teams to drive through are also made of wire and are terrible things. The end that opens fastens to a pole which at the top and bottom is stuck through wire-loops fastened to the adjoining post. Usually the wire of the gate is so tightly drawn that a woman can neither open nor close it, and consequently crawls through under the wire. I did not have a garment which had not been torn by the barbed wire.

Very soon the fence man found that I did not have

enough wire. He was going to town to get the lumber for the chicken-house, and I told him to get the necessary wire. I did not send money, — it was in the bank, — and the fence man did not offer to lay out the money for me, and so he came back without the wire. This caused me much vexation, and necessitated another trip to town.

I must not forget to say that I hired a man to bring up the fence-posts; he made two loads of it, and I paid him $10. I had to wait three or four weeks till he brought them. He had come from the west side of the mountain to cure his asthma, and was now quite well. My fence-posts as they lay piled up could be seen for miles around, and seemed quite monumental.

The fence man's brother had to be engaged to distribute the posts, and to stretch the wire as it was fastened to the posts by staples. He was paid very well, too.

When the fence was finished, the chicken-house was erected. It became my best building as the man had chosen good lumber; it looked better than many a shack. I painted it olive-green, and put a chicken-yard around it with the wire of the old tennis-court in Prosser. Verne Young came over and helped me of his own accord. I tried to repay this kindness by scrubbing and cleaning the house where he lived with his brothers, who were bachelors.

During the summer it rained repeatedly, and for hours at a time. More settlers were coming all the time, but most of the sections near me were owned by men living elsewhere; consequently I had no neighbors.

The improvements I had made, clearing eighty acres, fencing the land, and building the chicken-house, had exhausted my exchequer, and I resolved to go out and earn money. My neighbors did it, why shouldn't I try? I was willing to do any kind of honest work, and felt that I should succeed if I only persevered. I was sorry to leave Horse Heaven, the land of brightness and sunshine. I had been very happy most of the time, and when I thought of the benefits I enjoyed, I felt grateful, although I had lived like a poor woman.

I found that the simplest life can be full of interest and satisfaction, and that more depends on the heart or attitude toward God than on environment. Neither worldliness nor the pride of life were there. I was thankful for bread and water; and a cup of cold water seemed the supreme gift on a hot day in Horse Heaven.

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10. The Odds Are Growing Heavy.

During the summer of 1905 the fair was held at Portland, Oreg., and it did not seem unwise to go there for employment. I took my dog to Parkland, where friends promised to care for him during my absence.

So I bought a return ticket at Tacoma and started for Portland in a dense crowd one Saturday afternoon in the latter part of June. It rained when we arrived at our destination.

At the station I saw a man whom I had met at the Institute in Weiser, where he had lectured the previous winter, and who had promised to find something for me to do if he could. It seemed — and was — providential that he was at the station when I arrived. He had rented the house next to his home, and could give me a pleasant room there over Sunday. It rained all day.

On Monday morning I started out bright and early with a letter of introduction to the lady at the head of the "Travelers' Aid," a noble, efficient woman. I told her what I had done, and what I could do.

She said she would put an advertisement in the paper. She read it to me, and I thought it very complimentary; but because, as she said, it was well always to have several strings to one's bow, she told me also of a place where they wanted a cook.

On the following day, when no answer came in reply to the advertisement, the helpful lady telephoned to a place where they might need a governess or companion; but no,

the lady in question was going to the seashore, and had made all her arrangements.

When I had done all in my power to get employment, I went to the exposition, where there was much of interest, especially in the United States exhibit, where I felt very close to Washington, Adams, and other great men upon reading some of their letters in their own handwriting. The most beautiful feature of this fair was its setting in a place abounding with some of the grandest scenery.

I endeavored to see if I could get enough food in the shape of samples to make a meal. I was not successful. Shredded wheat, which was already favorably known to me, was the best thing I got. When the raspberry shortcake made with it was passed around, the first sampler liked it so well that there was mighty little of it left when it reached me.

I saw no one buy anything at this fair. My friends from Parkland, who were also at the exposition, bought things at the grocer's and ate them on the benches on the lawn; fortunately they invited me to share them. The exhibitors said that if the people from the East did not help them out, they did not know how to pay their expenses. Nearly all the visitors were dressed as plainly as myself, and I suspected that the state of their pocketbooks was very much like that of my own.

I had borrowed money in my pocket, and could not help going about in a half-hearted manner. With a pocketful of money one's spirit rises, too. As my room would have been too expensive in the long run, I gave it up and the Travelers' Aid told me where to go. It was a rooming-house kept by a woman, and thither I repaired.

My room was on the third floor, and getting to it was unpleasant. I had paid on the first floor. The room itself was good enough. A door opened into another room. It was locked, but to make it still safer, I pushed the bureau in front of it. There was no towel. I rang the bell; it seemed out of order, for no one answered it.

I said to myself, "What's the difference! I will use the

towel which is used as a bureau cover." I left the house quite early in the morning to join friends who were stopping at a hotel nearby and in the same street.

During the morning I went to the Y. W. C. A. I might have had a place as nurse for little more than my bread, and there was a cook wanted at St. Margaret's. As the Travelers' Aid had given me an address where a cook was needed, I called on the lady who kept a boarding-house. She seemed very pleasant, but confided to me that she thought her cook was crazy, that all of a sudden she would go away and be gone for weeks. Her patience was exhausted, she said, and she was looking for a new cook. Nevertheless she wanted time for consideration. I seemed not to have inspired her with the deepest confidence.

I put in my spare time at the hotel hall writing letters. While I was sitting there, two gentlemen came up to me and asked if I were Miss Sihler. With joy I affirmed that that was my name, thinking they had heard that I was looking for work and had come to offer me some.

They spoke very guardedly and politely, and begged me to excuse them, but that they were detectives and were simply doing their duty; that the woman of the lodging-house had sent them after me because I had stolen the bureau-cover!

I explained that I had used it as a towel, and that I had taken nothing belonging to any one else. I showed them the contents of my suit-case, — my trunk was still at the station, — and they left, begging my pardon.

Were there no guilt, there would be little sorrow in the world. My latest experience was novel, but caused me no grief.

I went again to the Y. W. C. A. and asked about the place at St. Margaret's.

St. Margaret's had a cook.

There was nothing available at the Travelers' Aid. The lovely lady in charge went to the two leading hotels to see if she could find me a place as interpreter, because I spoke

five languages and understand a few more, but she was told the places were filled.

I went to the fair once more. Millet's "Man with the Hoe" was there — an awful picture. When the soil is hard and stony, it is almost as bitter a task to till it as to want work and not be able to find it.

Again I went to the Y. W. C. A. St. Margaret's was again without a cook. Here was my opportunity. Armed with a slip of paper giving my name, my wants, and the address, I went to St. Margaret's, a beautiful school, taking up a whole square, bright green lawns and flowers all around.

I rang the door-bell, which was answered by a neat maid. I said I had come to see the lady of the house. I was asked to wait in the parlor.

Very soon a nun came down to see me, a sweet, young woman. She looked at me.

"I have come to see about the cook's place," I said.

"Not for yourself?"

"Yes, for myself."

"Do you realize what that means? what hard, disagreeable work?"

"Yes," I answered; "I am both willing and able to do it."

I made inquiries as to the cook's duties, and found that I could have done the work quite well. St. Margaret's was renting rooms to transients and a breakfast only was served to these. Dinner was cooked only for the nuns and a few workingmen. Supper was prepared for the nuns only.

I felt sure I was able to do the work, and was most anxious to get the position.

The nun invited me to another room, where we had a long and most interesting conversation. She had not been in the West long and did not understand it. I told her about my claim. She considered it a miserable proposition, and urged me to let it go. (Any one *knowing* the West would always say, "Hold on to your land!")

"Don't be a cook," she said, "do something else."

"What shall I do? No one wishes to study now, but all want to eat. Why shouldn't I go and cook?"

"You will want to go to the fair so often."

I assured her I should not.

"You would not be happy here," she went on. At last she said, "I will ask Mother." She reappeared very soon, saying, "Mother says it would never do."

"Why not?" I asked.

"On account of the other servants."

"I would do them no harm; I should do them good."

But the die was cast, which decided my fate at St. Margaret's. I burst out crying, and it seemed a cruel fate to be considered too good for the work I wished to do.

During the conversation the lovely nun said among other things, "I have given myself to God."

"So have I," I rejoined, and in my heart I thought, "and you have a much easier time of it."

That night my friends doubled up and invited me to share their room at the hotel, of which the brother of one was a part owner. She and her brother talked to me that evening, and he thought I would make a good runner for the hotel.

As this was a new term to me, it had to be explained. It meant that I was to meet trains and get people to come and stay at this hotel. I was to have room, board, and a large percentage of what was paid by the guests I had brought in. It seemed so pleasant to be wanted somewhere. I felt sure I could get people to come, as it was a new, clean, pleasant house. I went to bed with my mind full of plans for the work that was awaiting me, as I thought; I was so excited that I could not go to sleep for a long time. Early in the morning, before breakfast, I hastened to the place where they had the insane cook to say that she must not look to me any longer, at the same time promising the lady guests if there should be an overflow at the hotel.

We all know the instructive stories about the milkmaid on her way to town and her plans; of the chickens counted ere they saw the light of this world, and others. I had the most perfect understanding of them when I returned to the hotel and was told by proprietor number two that he was

not in favor of a woman runner, which put an end to all my hopes.

My friends were taking the trip up the Columbia on the *Spencer*. I had come to my last ten dollars, and they were borrowed. So I decided to take the next train for Tacoma. It seemed as if I should have to board with friends for a while, and I tried to think it wasn't so dreadful; but when I saw the most stupid persons work and make money, why shouldn't I make a living?

As it had rained frequently in Portland, and as my umbrella was in my trunk at the station, my hat had gotten a little the worse for it.

I went back to Parkland to friends, where I stayed a few days. But I could not stand it long; I felt that I must start up and do something. So I went to the Woman's League and asked if there was not some family where there was sickness, or who were in special need of help for a short time. Yes, there was one. I went and worked for five days, and they gave me $2.50.

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11. Cinderella's Servitude.

When Jesus walked on earth in human form and people came to Him, came in contact with Him, He always touched them where they were sore; He had to do that in order to be able to heal them. The rich young ruler was to sell all he had, and give it to the poor, because he loved his wealth more than he loved his God. The Samaritan woman was to call her husband. The man who wished to follow Jesus because he expected a good, comfortable home was told about the foxes' and birds' homes and the poverty of the Son of Man. He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. He said that if any one wished to be great, he should be as a servant. I became convinced that this must be my sore point, and I fear it is not quite healed yet.

I went back to my friends, but the gnawing unrest left me no peace. Once more I went to Tacoma and asked every

one that I met if there was not some work for me to do. They all said they didn't know of any.

Finally I saw the owner of a restaurant called the Millionaire's Club. At this place one gets more for five cents than anywhere I have ever been. Because of his numerous patrons the owner must have become a millionaire by this time.

He told me one of his guests, who always ate lunch at his restaurant at 1.30, had asked for a woman to help in a country hotel. He could not tell me the particulars.

"You'd better come and see him yourself," he said.

I was there ahead of time. "That's he," said the kindly owner of the restaurant as a guest arose to leave the place.

So I introduced myself and asked about the place.

"What kind of position is it? What would I be required to do?" I asked.

He looked me over and seemed perplexed. I wore a plain, light-gray tailored suit and a gray hat. I could not have been dressed more simply. "Assistant manager," he said.

That sounded very well to me, and my intellect telephoned to me, "That means letters to write and servants to direct"; I could do that, and it would not be so bad.

"Where is the hotel?" I first inquired. "On the Tacoma Eastern, not far from Mount Rainier."

That fascinated me.

"You'd better go around and see my mother," said the man, "she can tell you all about it."

With the address in hand, I asked my way to her house, where I made known my wants.

"Can you wash?" "Certainly." "Can you iron?" "Of course." "Can you wait on the table?" "Most assuredly." "Can you do chamber-work?" "I just love it; nor do I consider myself too good to do any of these things. I am strong and well and want to work."

"The Van Trumps are a very nice family," she continued. "They keep summer-boarders. The same families from Seattle and Tacoma have gone there for years. Mrs. Van Trump and her three daughters work right along with you,

and they all are very pleasant. The daughters are kind of funny," said the lady; "they are willing to do all kinds of work, but they don't like to wait on the table and do chamber-work; would you be willing to do that?"

"Yes, certainly," I said, mindful of my Portland experiences.

"Mrs. Van Trump," continued the lady, "has hurt her hand and is unable to do much; this is the height of the season, and they are in great need of help."

"What do they pay?" I asked.

"A dollar a day, and you will get so many tips. I will now write Mrs. Van Trump that you are coming. How soon could you go?" I needed broad low shoes and some aprons, and other things had to be attended to. This was Friday. I could get ready on Saturday, and thought I might start for the Van Trumps early Monday morning, July 4th.

The agent at Portland by mistake had checked my trunk to Seattle. The baggage agent on the train detected it and spoke to me about it. I begged him to let me have my trunk at Tacoma; but no, the inexorable red tape forbade it. I had a foreboding of what it would mean, from my past experiences.

When I left on Monday morning, my trunk was not yet there. I made arrangements to have it sent after me when it came.

Days and weeks passed before I got it, and again I was greatly inconvenienced by the blunder of the railroad officials. To me, an unimportant private person, these officials are merely figureheads, and naturally my wrath is kindled against the powers higher up, to whom I must be what a speck of dust is to the whole world. I say, "Keep your eye on your baggage; don't travel without it." Perhaps the railroads are doing the best they can, I don't know; but if so, their best was not my good.

I boarded the train of the Tacoma Eastern R. R. quite early in the morning. It was a beautiful day, and soon I was feasting my eyes on the most romantic scenery, now in the heart of forests, now by the side of placid lakes; then

again we passed rushing mountain streams with cascades and waterfalls. Over all was the calm of nature and the freshness of the scenery upon my mind. The road goes through a number of towns, and here and there we saw mountains. One is too much in the mountains, however, to see much of them. Toward noon we arrived at Woodville, my destination.

I alighted. There were a number of teams waiting at the station. I asked for Mr. Van Trump. A man with a long gray beard was pointed out to me as being the person I was looking for. I walked up to him and introduced myself.

He had come for some boarders. He told me to get into the back seat of the three-seated wagon; the guests sat in the middle seat, and Mr. Van Trump and his young son in the driver's seat. We drove mostly through forests and up hill. Now and then, at rare intervals, we passed a house.

We entered the Succotash Valley, where I was to spend the coming weeks, and which is twenty miles long, and only from one to two miles wide. After a five-mile drive, and not far from a waterfall by the roadside, we reached the home of Mr. Van Trump. There was another house on the opposite side of the road, which was used by boarders, and a building beyond the real homestead, which was Mr. Van Trump's store, and into which some of the men boarders sometimes spilled over.

Mr. Van Trump introduced me to his wife as "the help," which did not sound so dreadful to me.

Mrs. Van Trump's thumb had been injured by a sliver, and she was not able to bend it. She seemed glad to see me, and I went right to work. I asked to be called Cinderella.

The house had been built by Mr. Van Trump and his older son; they had had mills, and sawed their own lumber. They had lived in this place for ten years, having come from Colorado. Their homestead was later included in the Mount Rainier Park Reservation. A clearing had been made in the forest, and here the buildings mentioned were erected. They were put up in the simplest way. I do not remember

whether any of the rooms were plastered or not, but I do remember that one could hear the least noise all over the house.

I like servants who rise early and without being called. To leave as many rooms as possible for the guests I slept in the corner of the hallway upstairs. As soon as I awoke and was dressed, I went downstairs, but every step I took in the uncarpeted house echoed and reechoed, and when I moved chairs, it made a terrible noise.

I started a fire in the range and swept the dining-room and kitchen. We burned wood, and we needed a great quantity of it to heat the stove. Then I made coffee, cooked breakfast food, and prepared toast for the family. I also set the table. The breakfast of my employers was now ready. They ate in the dining-room.

I made a place for myself in the kitchen, where I ate my breakfast, and I liked it very much. The Van Trumps did not need to be waited on at this meal, else I should gladly have served them. I have often heard of servants who were so unhappy because they were not allowed to eat with the family. I felt neither despised nor forsaken.

After breakfast I washed the dishes, while Mrs. Van Trump and her daughters prepared the breakfast for the guests. They had at different times from fourteen to thirty guests. There were several tables in the dining-room. Unfortunately one had to go down five or six steps to get into the kitchen; but the Van Trumps would hand things up to me from below to save my running up and down while waiting on the table.

I know how I like to be served, and could easily see where anything was wanted, so that, as a waitress, I was a success.

Before coming to this place, I had spent some minutes in deciding whether or not I would accept the tips that had been mentioned by the lady who employed me for the Van Trumps. I have given many fees myself and would much rather give than receive them; but I concluded that I had gone out to earn money, and decided to accept all the tips that would be offered me. On going away people often

thanked me for waiting on them so well, but not a single tip was offered me during the whole time I was there, which again proves the wisdom of not troubling trouble till it troubles you.

Mr. Van Trump reproved me for making so much noise so early in the morning, when I felt that I deserved praise for being so zealous in doing my duty. He didn't like the way I arranged my hair, and asked me if I could cut his hair. Another time he showed great confidence in me when he asked me if I could sew up a wound in the face of a neighbor-boy who had met with an accident. He was a descendant of some Dutch patroon along the Hudson and had inherited his characteristics, good and evil. He had to have a particular knife, fork, spoon, cup and saucer, and plate, and when everything was there, he called for his Tabasco.

I found that I was just like him, but when I had to mind such bagatelles, and saw how much trouble it was, I resolved to reform right then and there.

My mother says, "Every little child is a born general," and there is plenty of the tyrant in us all. Down with the tyrant! I will step down into the common rank and file and stay there.

Right here I should like to insert a plea for travel in the mountains. I have seen it in Europe, in the Adirondacks, and in the West. There is nothing so healthful and exhilarating in the whole world. The fine, bracing air, the glorious scenery, and the good companionship of others have a most beneficent, transforming power.

Nowhere are people so happy and their appetites so good. Life seems really worth living. Surely, they all return to their wonted occupations strengthened and refreshed.

The way to go, the only way one can go, is on one's own feet, and that is the best way of seeing the world; you can go your own pace, rest when you like, hasten when you wish. It is then you really see things. When you have gone forward for a while, stop, look back and all around, and you will have something to take home.

We hear of tourists who, after riding all over Europe, remember places only by the mishaps of their machines. Not so the pedestrian in the mountains. When the honorable judge finds that his shoes pinch him, he pulls out his jack-knife and slashes his shoes, until he enjoys the highest degree of comfort. And everybody speaks to everybody, all social barriers are removed, and the higher up the mountain, the nearer we are to heaven in more ways than one.

With easy shoes on our feet and a stout staff in hand, we are superior to the rest of our clothing, provided it be suitable. Then we lift up our eyes to the mountains, we rejoice in the beauty of earth and sky, and see and find what God hath made is truly good.

But I must hasten back to my work. While the Van Trumps are washing the dishes in their turn, I do the chamber-work. As I walk across the road to the second house, I look at the purple hills in the distance and at the dark-green fir-trees, and wish I had time to paint them. Meanwhile some of the family have gone to pick peas, telephone peas (the finest I ever saw), or vegetables, or berries, and soon dinner is under way. I now helped wherever I could.

The women of the family did most of the cooking, and although the variety was limited and fresh meat scarce, — we only had a roast once a week, — everything always tasted so good.

The strawberries were only just getting ripe in the middle of July, and raspberries were coming after. The fresh biscuits for supper were fine, and I think most people would have been ashamed to tell how many they had eaten.

The Van Trumps had an organ on which the daughters were learning to play by a correspondence course. They did not have time to play much while I was there, but the guests played and sang in the evening. Once, early in the morning, I ventured to play, but immediately the door of the adjoining room opened, and a stern glance from the descendant of the patroons suddenly cut off my playing. Never again did I touch the organ.

When I had been at my post two days, my feet ached so that I told Mrs. Van Trump I feared I could not endure the service. "But you undertook it!" she said reproachfully.

"I should not wrong you if I were unable to stay."

I then asked if I might not have an hour to rest in the afternoon. When that was denied, I asked for half an hour, which was not granted either. I really wished to stay, I liked it in the valley, though my vision was hemmed in, and I could neither see the rising nor the setting of the sun; but I could see Eagle Cliff!

Along the side of the place, back of the house, rushed a mad mountain stream, making music all day and lulling me to sleep at night. Some of this pure water was piped through a so-called spring-house, where the milk was kept, and which was used in place of a cellar. It flowed continually out of a large pipe outside of this house and near the kitchen.

This was our water-supply, and it was the very best water I ever drank in all my life. I cannot begin to tell how often I stopped to take a drink.

I was acquainted with some of the uses of water, and resolved to try it on my weary feet. When I felt I could stand on them no longer, I would sit on a chair, take off my shoes, and from four to five minutes hold my aching feet under the cold water rushing from the pipe. Then I would put on my shoes and be on my feet again until nine o'clock at night. I refused to work longer, as I began between four and five in the morning.

There was a continual coming and going, a making up of beds, a changing of sheets and pillow-cases, and washing these together with the table-linen. This fell to my lot and kept me very busy, mostly in the afternoons. I generally laid the linen on the grass, where the sun bleached it. Mr. Van Trump would not allow paper-napkins to be used; this made, as I thought, a good deal of unnecessary work.

Day followed day, and traveler followed traveler. Many families had been coming there for years, and consequently were old friends. They told me that this was the very first

time the Van Trumps had ever had help. They were the cleanest dish-washers I ever saw. Their dish-towels were made of flour-sacks, and were as white as the driven snow. They wiped pots and kettles inside and outside with these, and if they were the least bit soiled, they put them in the wash. Mrs. Van Trump would often give the dishes a preliminary washing, called a "licking," when they would be as clean as most people care to make them.

I had always prided myself on being clean, but the Van Trumps found much fault with my dish-washing, until I adapted myself to their ways of doing.

Some of these ladies who had been coming there in the summer for years told me that once, when the Van Trumps were so burdened with work, they had insisted on washing the dishes one night. What did the Van Trumps do? Although these ladies were some of the most particular housekeepers, the Van Trumps got up when everybody had retired, and washed the dishes over.

A stage on the return from the station passed the house at 1.30 P. M., and if any one wished it, he could get a meal at Van Trump's.

In the West there is a society of mountain-climbers called the "Mazamas," *i. e.,* mountain goats. Every year they ascend some high peak. They then camp somewhere on its slope and make preparatory climbs, till at last, under competent guidance, they are able to reach the highest points. That year they made the ascent of Mount Rainier.

Such an undertaking is not as simple a matter as it would seem. It is both strenuous and dangerous, and only persons in good health should ever attempt it.

Hundreds of Mazamas walked and drove by at different intervals. The women wore stout shoes and short skirts, and none of them were burdened with superfluous baggage. It must be borne in mind that the atmosphere grows colder the higher we ascend, and that it freezes on the high mountains every night in the year, even during the hottest summer months; so there must be warm clothing and blankets for the night. Tents play an important part in the West. The

settler first lives in one, and he may have a tent barn. There is much camping out, and of course the Mazamas dwell in tents during their outing.

One day the stage to Longmire's Springs stopped and landed three passengers who wished to take a meal.

A repast was quickly provided, and I waited on the table. From the conversation of the three I gathered that one of them was the president of the Appalachian Club, one an officer in the army, the third an engineer. Their conversation was very interesting.

At the end of the meal the president of the Appalachian Club said to me, "I have been present at many fine banquets in the best hotels of New York and Boston, but I have never eaten a meal that I enjoyed more than I did this one."

It had been a very simple meal; I remember that there was bacon. Because of the mountain air, the beauty of nature, the congenial companionship, and perhaps hunger, which is the best sauce, the president could truthfully say what he did. He added that he wished he was "as happy in expressing approval as Phillips Brooks was," — "who could delight a mother's heart by simply saying, 'Well, this *is* a baby!'" I joined in saying. This seemed to nonplus him, to think that this New England anecdote should be known in this out-of-the-way region in the wild and wooly West.

Of course, I went about my work when the meal was over; but ere he drove on in the stage, the president came to the kitchen-door and called out to me, "Good-bye, Mrs. Van Trump!" which certainly was an honor.

Near the Van Trumps is a high mountain, of which Eagle Cliff is a part. It is called the "Beljica" and received its name from the initial letters of the Van Trump and other children when they explored it for the first time — B from Benny, E from Ella, L from Louise, J from Jimmy, I from Ida, C from Charles, and A from Andrew. They made up the name, wrote it on a paper, saying that henceforth the mountain should be called thus, and put it into a baking powder box, which is on the top of the mountain to this very

hour, and the mountain will be called Beljica as long as grass grows and water flows.

None of the Van Trump children had ever gone up Mount Rainier. They loved it, they adored it, and felt almost as if the tourists were desecrating the mountains by their presence, although the Van Trumps earned their living by entertaining tourists.

Each child had in its heart the secret longing to go up the glorious mountain; it filled his days with beauty, and his nights with dreams. The oldest one was already twenty-one, and the youngest, Benny, thirteen, but so far none had ever realized this wish. There never were children more loving and harmonious than were the Van Trump children.

"Do you know what a heliotrope is?" John, the oldest, asked me one day.

"Yes," said I, "a sweet, purple flower."

"No, that's not it," he continued, "not what they call a heliotrope around here."

Uncle Sam, dear Uncle Sam, was making a geodetic and geographical survey of the Western Country, and had sent out a company of surveyors and experts to do this work. To find out the height of the different mountains and points, they had placed observation-towers on various mountain-peaks and elevations, where by means of instruments and heliographs they would reflect the sunlight and flash it through the air to an observer on another observation-tower. Through this and other messages they learned what they wanted to know. The man who attended to this was called a heliotrope, which, as we all know, means turning to the sun.

A place for such observations was stationed on Mount Beljica, six thousand feet high, and the men blazed a trail to its summit by chopping a piece of bark from the trees. Among those who did this was a Harvard student, who was putting in part of his vacation in that way and was enjoying it. It was he who first invited Benny to guide him up the mountain, Mount Rainier, promising, of course, to pay him well for it.

Benny was most eager to go, but when the matter was laid before the family council, it was decided that Benny was too young to go up. Nevertheless, the invitation served as a wedge, and when a few days later one of the Mazamas offered to take Benny up, the family consented.

The joy of all was great. Benny was in such a hurry to be gone that, as it was later found, the preparations for the expedition were insufficient. Yet who has time to stop and do such trifling things, when at last the door opens which for years we have been yearning to pass through!

Benny's shoes were not hobnailed, and he had nothing to protect his face. All he could be induced to take was a pair of gray woolen blankets. There were plenty of eatables Benny might have taken from their own store; but no, Benny had an inspiration and a vision, and he pressed toward the mark after taking an affectionate farewell of all the family.

Before being able to climb up higher on this side of the mountain, one must go about seven or eight miles through dense forests, when one arrives at Longmire's Springs. Here there is a sizable old log-house, surrounded by many tents, and there one must usually abide till next morning. Here Benny bought chocolate, raisins, crackers, and such things, and then he ascended the mountain part of the way.

The next day he climbed clear to the top. Mount Rainier formerly was a volcano. Benny said that one of the Mazamas prepared a cup of chocolate for herself and for him over a small hole from which steam issued.

As I was not there myself, I cannot tell how the mountain looks on top. I am, however, sure that it was glorious and sublime there, and that the actual reality far surpassed Benny's fondest dreams.

On the third day he came home. Poor Benny! His face was swollen beyond recognition, and his lips were like an Ethiopian's. A little summer girl asked if he ever would look like himself again.

We have to pay for all we get in this world, and so did Benny. His suffering was intense; his feet were blistered,

and every muscle of his body ached. Coming down a mountain is much more strenuous than going up; but Benny suffered worst from his swollen face.

As the travelers came down from the mountain, one and another would laud Benny's valor, and every one recommended a different remedy for his face.

Mrs. Van Trump first tried sweet cream. The next one coming along urged hot soda-water, the next one something else, and dear Mrs. Van Trump tried every remedy suggested, and each time Benny groaned, "If only you hadn't put that on!" The last one was always the worst, and each complaint pierced the dear mother's heart with an additional sword, till she remarked she hoped she would not be around the next time Benny came down from the mountain. It took him more than a week to get over the bad effects of this outing; but he will always be glad he went.

On Sundays there would be chickens for dinner. The Van Trumps had raised them, were personally acquainted with them, and loved each one of them. They would come in with two for a family of at least sixteen, and I have never known them to have more than three; but I never saw so few go so far. With the utmost care and wisdom Mrs. Van Trump prepared a great quantity of delicious chicken-gravy, which with its fine flavor covered the scarcity of the fowls themselves.

The vegetables which the Van Trumps raised grew in irrigated gardens without one weed. The flowers about the house were beautiful; I never saw elsewhere such magnificent phloxes as they had.

The season in the mountains is always brief; when the hottest days of July and August are past, it is over, and travelers become fewer and fewer. Thus it came about that my services at the Van Trump's were no longer needed. Every night when I had lain down weary in my little bed, I would say to myself, "It is true, you are very tired, but there is another dollar earned." At the end of my service I had $35.

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12. Beljica and Rainier.

No matter where I have lived, I have always stopped to acquaint myself with my surroundings. I now turned tourist. As long as I still stayed, I waited on the table for my board, which was quite satisfactory to my employers.

I enjoyed my freedom. I had not had one day off during my service. After much telegraphing and writing, my trunk had arrived; in it I had a teapot and some good tea. I made afternoon tea, and we all enjoyed it in great sociability.

The next day a party was going up Mount Beljica and invited me to join them. We were armed with a luncheon, among other things a sandwich of fried bacon, which I recommend.

Nature loves to give us surprises and variety. We started up a beaten path. The Cascade Mountains are wooded for the most part. After climbing for several hours, we were on Eagle Cliff, the bold crag at which I had been looking every day. Here was a mirror which we flashed down into the valley, and the Van Trumps flashed back with a mirror, thus telling us they had received our message.

We went patiently up and on, and came to the blazed trail so recently made. We had to pay good attention not to lose it. Now we came to dense woods, where grew the long, smooth grass of which some Indians make baskets.

After another climb we came out into the sunlight and to a lake, Christine by name. We drank of its water, and then took off our shoes and stockings and waded in it. Not far from it were several camps, where a "heliotrope" and his companions were staying.

We ate our luncheon right there. We found many flowers in the green grass of the meadows. After resting a little while, we continued ascending Mount Beljica. There were places so smooth and steep that I had to crawl up on my hands and knees. The two surveyors accompanied us; the higher we went the steeper and rockier was Beljica. In still other places the rocks were so smooth that I should not have ventured up at all without assistance. On the very top

was the platform with the enclosure and the arrangement for making the measurements about which I have spoken already. We climbed into the enclosure and surveyed the land.

Right before us in the east was Mount Rainier, sublime in its silent grandeur, and the range of mountains which were stretched north and south, first green, then dark-blue, till they were scarcely to be distinguished from the horizon. It was a view never to be forgotten.

As the afternoon advanced, we thought it time to descend. Then we saw the lake once more, and again we hit the trail. It was about five o'clock when we arrived in the valley, and I said to myself that this had been a rather arduous day.

Almost every traveler who came as far as Van Trump's went up farther, to Longmire's Springs and to the camp of the clouds in Paradise Valley, at the foot of the wonderful mountain.

I conversed with some of those who had taken this trip, and inquired how the ascent was made. Many took the stage to the springs, and then went up to the camp on horseback. It was thought wisest for me to go that way; so I brought forth my skirts, and a gray and white petticoat was thought the most suitable riding-skirt. Out West all women ride astride (at least all I have seen riding).

I decided to make the ascent the second day after climbing Mount Beljica. I had no suitable shoes. Some one gave me a pair of heelless rubbers, which had been left behind, to wear on the snow-fields. I patched the sole of one of my shoes so well that I felt proud of the job. At the store I bought dates, raisins, and chocolate. I put my comb and brush and a few other necessities into a little bag, fastened it on a band, and swung it across my back. It was an easy burden.

Then, at about two in the afternoon, I took my faithful stick in hand and started for Longmire's Springs.

The way led mostly through dense forests; in them were giants, for instance, the majestic Douglas fir.

After leaving the Van Trumps, I passed three or four

houses; after that there were no more for miles, till I got to Longmire's.

Before having seen much myself, I used to be bored by the description of scenery. When I showed one of my brothers pictures of scenery as it is found along the Canadian Pacific, lately, he said he did not care for it, it was so monotonous — always a mountain, a lake, and some trees, the same thing over and over. I could not understand his view-point, but nevertheless I hope that all who can will go to see for themselves; it will be like the opening of the eyes of the blind; and what we have seen is part of ourselves, which can never be taken away from us.

If I am not mistaken, the distance I walked was seven miles. It was mostly up hill and through forests. Several times the silence was broken by the crashing of a falling tree. Here and there were cascades in a rippling brook, and now and then mountain ranges were visible.

This walk was a treat to me, but when one goes anywhere for the first time alone, the destination always seems far off. I was glad when I saw a log-house and tents and people. I knew this was Longmire's Springs. I arranged for a tent for the night.

On the table of my tent was a nicely prepared luncheon, and just when I looked at it, a lady from Seattle stepped in, saying she had left it there and did not want it, that I was welcome to it. I accepted it with thanks, and it became both my supper and my breakfast.

Longmires settled on this land more than fifty years ago. It is full of all kinds of mineral springs; if one digs down a little way almost anywhere about there, a spring will bubble up.

The water of some of these springs was used for baths, but at the time of my visit there everything was still primitive. There was a great crowd of people there, some of whom had come in their own conveyances.

Once a day a number of horses took tourists up to the Camp of the Clouds at the foot of the mountain, or rather just below the snow-line. Early the following morning the

pack-train was gotten ready. I had applied for a mount; it chanced to be on a horse named Babe. In the dampness of the early morning and in the makeshifts of the women riders, the tourists looked anything but picturesque. I knew that I was a sight to behold; I longed for some one whom I knew well enough to laugh with me at the procession. Two young girls only looked pretty; yet I had to laugh inwardly.

After some delay the train started. There were about twenty travelers and a few extra pack-horses.

The horses used for this purpose are small ponies, sure-footed and gentle. In Indian file the procession crept on. I was near the rear; behind me was the guide and two pack-horses.

We started out on a smooth broad stone road, which the Government was building. After riding along it for about a mile, the procession suddenly disappeared on the right in the woods, down, down. When my pony's turn came, I thought I must fall forward, and the path seemed to be about six inches wide. But I held on, and my horse followed the others, and ere long we were riding along in the greenest woods, with the sunlight glinting through here and there and everywhere. And God was there.

Before long we came to the Nisqually, and after riding along its side, we came to a crude bridge made of small tree-trunks. Here all dismounted and walked, each one behind his horse. Very soon we arrived at a steep hill which we were to go up. The rider before me turned around, saying, "Take hold of your horse's tail, and it will pull you up!" It did.

Once more we mounted our ponies and rode for quite a while along the rushing gray Nisqually, which we always heard, even when we did not see it. We had now reached a height, and again all dismounted to admire a splendid waterfall about a hundred and seventy-five feet high, sparkling in iridescent colors. Then we mounted our horses once more, and leaving the Nisqually, we came to the Paradise River, which in its foaming, frothy whiteness reminded me

the whole time of a bridal veil. It, too, has falls and cascades of great height. Now and then the stream had to be forded.

We were climbing higher and higher, until at last we reached Paradise Valley, a spot most appropriately named, and fit to be the abode of the blessed. The green of its meadows is serene and tender, and all over the angels have scattered myriads of flowers that do not bloom elsewhere. There are, however, no high trees here; only the lovely fir and the noble pine are to be found.

As we approached the Camp of the Clouds with its numerous tents, we perceived toward the right the Tatoosh range spotted with snow-fields.

We were now near the snow-line of Mount Rainier and up its side six thousand feet. To judge from appearances, one would think that one could now easily get to the top. The mountain is 14,529 feet high.

It afforded me great pleasure to stalk about on the snow-fields this eighth day of August; I cooled myself with the snow and gathered flowers. As I was not prepared, I was unable to go up very far. Those who had succeeded in going higher came down jubilant and singing with gladness.

Many parties had brought their own tents and outfits, and were camping for weeks in Paradise Valley. They made excursions to different points, now to Indian Henry's Hunting Grounds, now to the glaciers, which are the mothers of rivers.

As there is no wagon-road leading up, everything at this altitude has either been brought up by pack-horses or by men. Camp Rease, which is that of the clouds, was constructed in the simplest manner. Again I was fortunate in having a tent by myself. The cot was made of crudely split boards, and everything to harmonize. It is all just for a little while, and where nature offers so much, all such things sink into insignificance.

In the afternoon two girls came back from the mountain with a guide; they had become snow-blind.

When evening came, a camp-fire was lighted, and we sat

around it, listening to the tales of travelers. It grew so cool that I borrowed a shawl, which was kindly offered me. Later on I retired and slept till early dawn. I had settled my account with the landlord before.

As soon as I awoke, I jumped up, and after a hasty toilet I started on my way back to Succotash Valley.

Oh! the charm of the early morning in the forest, when the trees awake, and the flowers open their dew-bedecked eyes, when the leaves rustle and laugh and the birds begin to sing. Then it is easy to hear the fairies talk, and there are those who at that time have seen them.

It was so easy to go down hill. I seemed to move without the least effort. Ere I knew it, I emerged from the woods, and before long I was again at Longmire's Springs. I had to go through the great forests again; I had seen them at least once before, and pressed on toward Van Trump's.

There are those who glory in riches, and those who enjoy luxuries, but I feel delighted, and I fear somewhat exalted, when I have walked a good distance in a short time. It was a quarter to eleven when I reached Van Trump's. I had walked sixteen miles and was not tired.

The boarders ran to the windows and out on the porch, calling to each other, "Cinderella has come back!" It had pleased me to be called by that name, while I was, so to speak, picking peas out of the ashes, as it is told by the brothers Grimm, hoping some day to return to my true estate, but without the prince. I could not think that I had been sent to this valley simply to work. I imagined my true mission at the Van Trump's was to tell them about the beautiful school in Weiser, Idaho, so that there they might gain what they lacked in their mountains. They, however, did not lay hold of the proffered boon; and now, after these five years, I am inclined to think I was sent there to help the Van Trumps and to gain experience, patience, and humility. I made some pleasant acquaintances, and ere I left, seven different housekeepers asked me to come and be their Cinderella.

When I said good-bye to Mrs. Van Trump, she said she would be glad to have me come to them again when they

needed help, and she would, with pleasure, recommend me to any of their neighbors. All this pleased me very much, but I hoped (inwardly) I should never again be called upon to do such work.

How well it is that we cannot look into the future! Much worse was yet to come.

I went back to Parkland, where Honey had lovingly been cared for by a dear little girl named Clara Cooper, to whom I shall ever feel beholden.

Soon after I went back home to Horse Heaven, where I stayed till late in the fall.

I spent the winter once more at the hospitable school in Idaho. Miss Slocum had on a former birthday received a sum of money from her pupils in the East with which to build herself a home. On top of the box holding the gift was found the saying of Euripides: "It is a good thing to be rich, and it is a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved by many friends," which motto she had later engraved above her hearth-stone.

I have never known any one who was more hospitable than Miss Slocum. She said, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

I have always found that those that give the most get the most. She had told the boys that if they brought in rabbits or sage-hens, she would cook them for them. It was now Christmas vacation, and the boys' luck was astonishing. There was no end to the jack-rabbits (tough old things), cotton-tails, and sage-hens, which to me tasted like rags. But the fine linen and the best china was brought out and neither pains nor expense spared to give the boys and girls a good time.

The winter of 1905—06 was a severe one, and, besides, there was a coal-famine. We were glad to have the opportunity to buy a sackful of it at a time. There was not even a coal-shed, and it snowed a great deal. All in all, it was a pretty hard winter, and I hailed the advance of spring with joy.

About the twelfth of March I started for my home in Horse Heaven in a terrific snowstorm. It had been agreed that I should stay a week or two on my land, and then come back and finish the school-year. I left Honey and my trunk behind. It snowed continually on my journey. In the Walla Walla country partly filled sacks of seed-wheat were still standing in the field, and it was feared that the winter wheat would be frost-killed.

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13. My Fourth Summer.

I reached Prosser in due time, and walked up to my ranch. The young lady who taught in the Horse Heaven school two miles west was living in my shack that winter, and also her aunt, Mrs. Martha Erickson, with her three children, two of whom attended school there, because as yet there was no school in their neighborhood. To give his children this schooling the father was "batching" on their homestead.

These good people, by the aid of their friends, had greatly improved my house by putting tar-paper around the outside of it, thus keeping the wind and dust out, and making it comparatively snug and cozy.

In front of my shack I had thirteen fruit-trees planted. I brought some shrubs and plants with me, but of all these only the iris grew.

It had been so cold in Horse Heaven, too, that a Frenchman, called "Old George," who had started from Mabton in an intoxicated condition, froze to death.

When I came, Mrs. Erickson with her little daughter went home, and I did the housework. I slept in the tent. The school closed April 13th.

My friends in Prosser advised me not to go back to Weiser, but to stay right on my land. I resolved to do this, for was I not undergoing the hardships to get my land?

I caused my friends in Weiser much trouble, for when they had once taken my little dog and my trunk to the

station, they had to take them home again and crate them. The former was sent by express to my friends in Prosser, and it cost more than 5 dollars to send him. The latter came by freight, prepaid, and all the trouble I had had with my trunk was as nothing compared with what was coming. Unfortunately I burned the bill of lading in a fit of orderliness. Fully three months passed on ere I got the trunk; it had been lost. I was obliged to buy such things as I had plenty of in the trunk. I was told to write to the claim office. We exchanged a number of polite notes, but after nine months I was told that they would not give me the 10 dollars damages I had asked for. With the railroad it is always "Heads, I win; tails, you lose."

On coming back to Horse Heaven this spring, I found many changes and improvements, much plowed land, many fences, and here and there new houses, among them several two-story ones. It was an immense satisfaction to me to see all this progress, and in the evening I could now see a number of lights shining around me in the distance. It rained frequently.

I painted my chicken-house olive green. I had painted the interior of my shack the same color the year before. It was astonishing how much work in and around the house I always found to do.

My neighbors in the school section were my nearest friends; they rendered me many a service, and I shall never forget their goodness.

As it was spring, I thought I would set a few hens. It would take a long time to tell how hard it was for me to get a hen. Finally a woman in Prosser sold me one. I went to the grocery, got a box, put some straw and a few eggs in and then the hen, and nailed a few strips across the top.

My neighbor Mr. Hall, who happened to be in town, brought it up the hill, and the next day his nephew brought it over with the requisite number of eggs under her, a present from Mrs. Hall. I appreciated the gift very much and called the fowl Henrietta.

Soon after, Mrs. Morris gave me another hen having the maternal instinct; I aided her in carrying out her wishes and called her Chick-a-lena. We were soon on familiar terms, and in due time the little ones made their entrance into this world. I made corn-bread for them, and there was general contentment.

On April 10, 1906, a clergyman in Tacoma who knew about me and my plans wrote me about a young Norwegian girl in the first stages of tuberculosis who needed a change of climate and some care. He wanted her to come with some mutual friends of his and mine, the Johnsons, who were coming to live on their homestead, exactly two miles south of me. Ere I could send a letter of acceptance, my neighbors arrived, bringing the young girl with them. I thanked God for this opportunity, and did all in my power to help the sick girl.

As the weather became hotter, I regretted not having left the sage-brush in the chicken-yard, so that there might have been shade for the chickens.

The spring flowers were particularly fine this year. I was charmed when I accidentally discovered that I could see the tip-top of Mount Adams when I stood on tiptoe one morning as I came out of my kitchen. I consider it a privilege to live in the midst of fine scenery, and like it particularly well when I can see snow-capped mountains.

The change of climate had a good effect upon my patient, who always took her breakfast in bed. She slept in the tent and I before the open door in the shack to be near her.

One day in May I saw the most perfect rainbow; it reached from the earth in the north to the earth in the south. I imagine if I had been higher up, it would have been a perfect circle.

My patient and I were out of doors a great deal, and once a week we went to Johnson's. And Mrs. Johnson came to see us as often as she could. A woman who has lived in a city will go visiting sometimes. It is almost impossible for a farmer's wife to think that she can take time for such a purpose.

Once when we were out walking, we saw a little rabbit persecuted by a young coyote, whose mother stood on the hillside watching its efforts. When they saw us, they scampered away. That was the only time I saw a young coyote; the old ones never howl when they have little ones. I never saw any coyotes during the first years of my homesteading; I now think it was simply because I did not know enough to see them.

On Sunday afternoon, May 13, one of our young neighbors took us to a picnic which the young people were having near the only tree in that country; it grew in a canyon along a creek; it was a poplar about eight feet high. We found some plants there, such as did not grow near us, for instance, wild roses and traveler's joy. It was also a pleasure for us to go out and see our young neighbors, whom I invited for the coming Sunday afternoon. Young girls were something new and rare in this country; there were two or three young men for every girl.

We live our lives as we go on step by step, and when the time comes, we undertake and carry out what once had been far off. I now saw clearly that I must go forward in developing my land further. I hoped if the remaining fifty acres were cleared of sage-brush, I might be able to rent it and get one-fourth of the crop.

At this time I was elected vice-superintendent of the Sunday-school and teacher of the adult class. It was a great satisfaction to me to prepare my lesson during the week. My pupils took a lively interest and taught me much.

When we had the party, the house was full of the most beautiful flowers. Mrs. Morris joined in the entertainment. I had made little cup-cakes with pink and white frosting, and we served lemonade and tea.

My patient improved steadily, which gave us both much joy; she spent much of her time reading and making fancy-work.

It was very beautiful around us. Where there were not green wheat-fields, the farmers were plowing. I wished I could show it all to my mother!

At times it was difficult to supply our wants, and I had to do much running till we got what we needed. Under these circumstances, for the first time in my life, and to give the young girl something to eat, I killed a chicken, but not Henrietta nor Chick-a-lena.

There were some unpleasant windy days, too, on which I kept my patient in bed.

Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Morris came for the first time to see me, riding on the plow when their husbands were plowing adjoining sections. The frequent and abundant rains continued this spring.

It was decided at the Sunday-school that on the following Sunday we should bring our dinner there and have a kind of picnic in the afternoon. I never saw a more abundant table spread anywhere than we had.

As I now needed to be at the Sunday-school at the right time, I borrowed Jerome Johnson's watch. As luck would have it, it usually stopped Saturday night. I have not often been late in my life; I was once one hour late and many times I got there too early. Generally I stopped in at Hall's, and if Mr. Hall had not already changed his shirt, he would retire to the barn to do so, as they had only one room.

I was (and am) exceedingly fond of my dog Honey; sometimes I thought I loved him too much, and decided to practise self-denial by leaving the poor dog at home the next time I went to Sunday-school. It was very hard for me to do this, and it reminded me of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," when she threw her adored, pink-silk parasol into the well. I decided to make this sacrifice when my chicken-house was first finished. I locked in Honey after having set meat and drink for him on the ground; there was no floor. The poor darling could not understand this, and howled continually as I walked away with a bleeding heart. Of course, I stopped at Hall's and told them about it.

When I reached their house on my way home, Leta and Jane Jones came running out shouting, "We have your dog."

Honey had dug himself out of the chicken-house, had first run frantically east till he met the Jones's, who were

going to take dinner at Hall's, and had jumped into their wagon. Seeing that I was not at home, they had taken the little darling along to Hall's, who knew about him and kept him for me. I was glad to have Honey again and said to him, "After this you shall always go to Sunday-school with me," which he was only too happy to do.

One Monday during the month of June my patient and I went to Johnson's to spend the day. When we started home late in the afternoon, it looked threatening. We hurried as fast as we could, and I was anxious to get the young girl under roof before the downpour should begin. So we stopped at Sellards's to wait there till the worst would be over.

Unfortunately both doors were locked, and no one was at home; so we hurried on. Halfway between their house and mine we saw them driving home from town. We strained every nerve and got into my shack before the rain descended.

I set my companion on the table, where she could keep dry. Ere I knew it, the floor was inundated. I don't see now how it all got in. Then I flew out to look after my chickens. The door of the chicken-house was closed; I opened it, hoping the chickens who were outside would go in. Then I ran back into the shack, when the storm descended in full strength.

Fortunately the shack did not fall; but when the worst was over and I looked out, lo and behold! the chicken-house had been removed from its place and was standing on its head!

Darkness had come on by this time. The little chickens were crying most piteously. I caught all I could get, put them into a box with woolen rags, and brought them into the house for the night.

One of the hens was killed by the overturning of the house; whether it was Chick-a-lena or Henrietta I do not know, they were both Plymouth Rocks. It may seem heartless, but we ate her and she tasted delicious.

Misfortunes cluster, as we all know to our own sorrow. The sleeping-tent was torn all to pieces, and Misery, Bess

Sellards's dog, had followed us, much against our will. And now the two dogs were after each other all the time in the wet shack, which disturbed me very much. So I put my patient to bed in the dryest place I could find, and started to take Misery home, which meant a mile and a quarter one way in the dark, through the wet sage-brush.

When I reached Sellards's, I could not find a trace of any human being, nor did I know where to leave the dog.

After reflecting a minute, I wondered whether they could have gone to Young's a mile south of them. I decided to go there and thus get rid of Misery. I later found that Sellards's were all at home, upstairs, resting. I walked home in the black night, and was glad when I saw my light. I was not afraid, but I hate the darkness.

On that day I had been offered a horse (ancient and blind on one eye), a harness, and a buggy, all for $23. I had almost decided to take it. But after my late experiences I said, "No, I don't want a horse and wagon, and the less I have, the better off I am."

Mr. Johnson worked almost two days repairing the damages. With the help of Mr. Hall's team — he was working near by — the chicken-house was restored to its former place and position.

The wheat-fields looked promising and caused the hearts of the Horse Heaven farmers to swell with hope.

I began to look around for a position for the coming school-year as teacher of French or German, which languages I am well able to teach. I almost always gave my age most cheerfully, but I soon found the world has no use for one whose youth has departed, especially when he or she has white hair. It is not pleasant to be awakened to this fact, which seems a great injustice, and it took me several years to get over the effects of this revelation. Not to be allowed to do what I was specially fitted to do, what I could do much better than many who were attempting to do it! I pondered and wondered what I was to do.

French or German was taught in all high schools, both languages are required at every college. I had for years

been head of a department of a leading woman's college in New England, and so I hoped to find a suitable position somewhere.

I applied at some of the high schools of important Western cities. The man in charge of the committee for appointments at Seattle wrote me that a person over forty years of age was never appointed. I shall always be grateful to him for telling me. I had hoped that if I were successful in obtaining a position, I might get a leave of absence from my farm and make the time up later. As I did not get a position, I did not need the leave of absence.

I have made up my mind to this — *I am going to grow old, I* WILL have white hair, and all the good qualities that go with age. No matter what comes or does not come, I will not resort to subterfuges which might help me to appear younger than I am.

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14. More Investments.

After consulting several of my neighbors I decided to have the remaining fifty acres cleared of sage-brush and the whole farm plowed. It was thought I could then rent my land and have a crop the next summer. To obtain the money I sold several shares of bank-stock I had in the East. Two of my neighbors undertook the job.

They hauled quite a stack of hay, made a corral, set up a tent, and provided it with a stove, a table, and other necessities of life. They always had a tank full of water at hand for their horses. All this they had on the outside of my land and half a mile south of my shack.

For a short time three men and eighteen horses were working on my claim.

All work can be done well or superficially; I don't think I am saying anything new in this. At that time I heard a great deal about plowing, the manner in which it was done, and the results. Sometimes there were good crops on land which had not been cultivated in a painstaking way, and *vice*

versa. But I had seen enough to be able to tell good plowing, and that was the kind I wanted done.

The plows used universally in Horse Heaven at this time were disk-plows. It always made me happy to see work going on on my farm. In the evening I would walk over the plowed land to inspect the work. Ere long all the land was plowed and harrowed. The work cost about $300.

I now sat in the middle of the plowed field, which seemed to become dustier all the time. I missed the sage-brush and bunch-grass. Everything was gray and sad as I looked out, and to walk over it was loathsome. 'Tis ever thus in our world, the glorious resurrection must be preceded by grim death.

Those of the brood of chickens my two hens had hatched, and which survived the great catastrophe before described, were eaten by my patient and myself or sold.

When my patient had been with me for nine weeks and was much improved in health, though not well, she said to me one day, "Help me get away as soon as possible," and I did so. She then told me that she was the youngest child of her parents, and that she had come to this country almost against their will. She felt as if her illness were a punishment for her disobedience, and that she must hasten home to Norway. I asked a neighbor to take her along the next time he went to town. I was glad to have had her, to care for her, and that her stay was beneficial to her.

One evening while she was here, we went out walking together and saw a rabbit run into a hole. Honey burrowed after it and was soon below the surface; he returned to the surface from time to time to breathe, and hanging to his nose was what proved to be the rabbit's tail.

When it had come to this, I thought it would be better to catch the beastie than to allow it to suffer. So I ran home for the spade and assisted Honey in digging. We went down deeper and deeper, and after a while the poor rabbit had come to the end of his subterranean chamber. I heard the poor animal utter a cry that went to my heart. My companion put on her gloves and pulled it out, and though I hate

to say it, I killed it with the spade. We took it home; I skinned it, and the next morning we had it for breakfast. It was the best I ever ate. Frequently as Honey grew older, he would catch young rabbits, of which I always gave him the forequarters.

Horse Heaven is infested with sage-rats, little quadrupeds as small as young rabbits, but not having long ears. They have round heads, that often reminded me of little "humans." Early in the spring they leave their winter quarters; they steal much wheat when it is ripe, and secrete it in their subterranean storehouses. They multiply very rapidly, and return into their warrens in August to hibernate till a new spring awakens them.

Honey killed many of these, and would store them away until the "high" flavor so much appreciated by *gourmets* was upon them.

Some relatives of the Erickson family came to visit them, and when I invited them, they made me a visit, too. I now had only one hen left, one of the originals, and while we were washing the breakfast dishes, I said to my guests, "Will you go with me to Mrs. Hall's this evening? I am going to take my chicken over there, and then I shall be quite free again." This I said as I looked out of my kitchen-tent window. I saw the dust fly about one mile to the south, and quickly took the letter I had written to the corner three-quarters of a mile away, so that it might be mailed by the person driving to town.

I don't know how it is with others, but I am certainly made up of contradictions. As I stood at the corner waiting, I saw two teams coming. I stopped the first one and asked the woman driving if she would kindly mail my letter.

"Don't you want to buy some chickens?" she asked. "We are going to move to Seattle. I have the nicest lot of chickens of all sizes; I raised them myself. Twenty-seven laying hens and young chickens of all sizes, 124 in all."

Meanwhile her husband had come to us with his team. He reiterated his wife's statement, adding, "You can make money on those chickens." Mournfully he went on, "I have

stayed up here when everything was hard, and now that I have a crop and could do well, I have to leave. We have a young lady daughter, and she has to be brought up just right, she has to go to school, and we don't want to leave her with strangers, so we've got to go! Nice lot of chickens; you can make money on them!"

I felt that I ought to, and said, "But I have no feed, and all my neighbors are away harvesting."

"We still have four sacks of wheat which we will bring you."

Well, the upshot and outcome of it was that I bought the lot of chickens for $20. It was a very hot day, and I think the woman had some feelings for her chickens as well as for herself.

So they drove to my place and unloaded the chickens into my chicken-yard. With a hen and ten little ones and my last and only one, I now had one hundred and twenty-five chickens. I wrote the man a check, and he and his wife departed for Prosser, promising to bring me the wheat, which I so much needed. They never did.

I had the chickens. Fortunately, I had plenty of water in my cistern. I rushed to the Smith's and begged the boys to have pity on my chickens, and to see to it that I got feed for them. I promised the one that would help me a watch.

Willard was as good as his word; he brought me over a sack of wheat on his pony, and at different times the wheat that had been left in the header box at night. Later Mr. Hall brought me wheat from town.

Much of my time was now taken up in caring for the chickens. I picked up all the broken china the Ericksons had left behind, and made small bits of them for the chickens. I was going to keep strict account of Profit and Loss.

The feathered flock was really very pretty. For the first time I saw Blue Andalusians. Leta Hall helped me to name many of them. They soon knew me, and were ready to follow me anywhere.

Towards evening I would let them out, hoping they might find something, I knew not what; they always seemed

to be crazy to come out, too. I don't think my heart is rightly balanced when it comes to animals. I have so many years tried to do as I would be done by, and have this feeling strongly also toward dumb animals. To contemplate the life of a cow, for instance, is enough to make me melancholy. Yet let no one think that all human beings wish to be done by as I wish to be done by — I have found that out quite often.

I pitied the chickens for being alive in the heat and unfavorable conditions, and one day I let them out at about three in the afternoon.

Joyfully they rushed out of the door, but instead of enjoying the largeness of the ranch, they clustered around me between the shack and the tents, and no matter how hard I tried to shoo them away, they held their position unmoved. There I sat all afternoon enthroned a queen of chickens! Honey laughed at me, and I decided never to be so tender-hearted again. After this experience I would let them out toward evening.

Honey could scent the coyotes when they were out of sight and far away. One such time we were sitting in the hammock, when he jumped out barking ferociously and running around the corner. I rushed after him and saw a coyote with a black hen in his mouth near my north boundary. We got the chicken away from him, and the old fellow ran across the road into the sage-brush, followed by Honey, followed by me. I called him frantically to come back, for I feared the coyotes would get him as he was much smaller than they.

After a while he returned, followed by the coyote. When Honey would turn, the coyote would run into the sage-brush once more. This they did several times, till I convinced Honey that he must come home, no matter what else happened. Coyotes are very cunning, and many a faithful dog has been tired out by these beasts, and then overcome by them. Though I thought I watched faithfully over my feathered flock, I occasionally found a wing at some distance from the chicken-house, which told me a sad story.

15. In the Hop-Yards.

One day my neighbor, Miss Sellards, came over and told me that the "Farmer Restaurant" people in Prosser wished to rent the rooming- and eating-house for $10 a week, and had asked her to take it. She requested me to undertake the work with her. We both had had a varied experience and felt that we might be able to make a success of it. I thought if I could not teach, going into business of this kind would be the next best thing. I asked my other neighbors what they thought about it, and they said it would be all right. So it was decided we should go to town together and look the situation over, and make arrangements with the owners.

We were not a little surprised when they now sang a very different tune. Now they wanted us to buy the whole place, bedbugs and all. (They had come out of their lair in the afternoon, when once I was going to stay there over night. I fled.) It was a frame building; everything of any value was *not* included in the bargain. The price was to be $1,250. As we had not come to buy the place, we drove home well satisfied.

Since I had been out West, I had frequently heard of persons going out to pick fruit or hops, and Miss Sellards and I felt inclined to try our hand at it. We heard there were hop-yards near Mabton, a town ten miles west of us. Mr. Sellards took us one morning with one of my tents, my two mattresses, and a full camping-outfit.

"The chickens," you say? Miss Sellards proposed to keep them for me over winter for the eggs they were going to lay. They had a new chicken-house, and could keep their own and my chickens separate. So they came and got them. I gave her two dozen small ones. When we counted them, there were only between eighty and ninety left. I suppose the coyotes got their full share. I had sold two dozens of eggs; after that the chickens had begun to molt, and that was the end of the eggs and the profit.

But to return to our venture. This was the first and

only time I ever was at Mabton. We went to the grocery and supplied ourselves with provisions; then we asked about the hop-yards. Everybody spoke discouragingly. People said the yards were too small or too far removed, and one belonged to a negro. As my companion was from the South, this did not appeal to her. I had read in the paper that hop-pickers were in great demand at North Yakima, so I easily persuaded Miss Sellards to go there with me.

At the station we repacked our things, rolling the mattresses into the tent. I had a chest full of things which were checked; the rest went as freight. In the afternoon we arrived at North Yakima and immediately went to an employment agency, where we were told to go at once to the station, where we would meet a man who was looking for hands. We found him, and he said he would send for us the next morning. This he did and we drove out, bag, baggage and all, to Nob Hill, where the forty-acre hop-yard was situated.

It did our eyes good to behold the blessings of the irrigated country. The scenery, too, is very beautiful here, the snow-covered tops of Mount Rainier and Mount Adams are visible, and an outlook upon Snipehill and the distant country was most attractive. We encamped on an alfalfa field, which had recently been cut, and it seemed good to be there. Some young men, moved, undoubtedly, by the charm of my companion, procured a pole and set up our tent. One of these men had a little black dog which had been taught all kinds of tricks, a wonderful little fellow.

Isn't it strange! If you know only one person in a place at the other end of the earth, and you meet some one from there, and ask him if he knows your only acquaintance, he always does. The owner of the dog had been a street-car conductor in San Francisco. I asked him, "Do you know Mr. M.?"

After reflecting a moment, he said, "One day there was a woman who persisted in standing outside, which was forbidden. She was very disagreeable and tried to give me trouble. On leaving the car, a gentleman handed me his

card, which read, 'Mr. M., Attorney at Law.' He told me I could use his name if I wished." This anecdote pleased me very much, because it upheld my theory and proved the kindness of my friend, Mr. M.

Just as soon as we were sufficiently settled, we went out to pick hops. It was all new to us. All over the hop-yards are stout poles, across the tops and from one to the other of these run strong wires, to which are fastened the strings up which the hops have run.

The hop-vine grows almost anywhere and is beautiful; its leaf reminds one of the grape-vine leaf, though it is neither as large nor as smooth. I have one running up my shack in Horse Heaven, and I am not able to express how much I love it.

Where we now were, there was, as I remarked before, irrigation. The vines were full of the light-green clusters of blossoms. We received our first lesson. The vines are cut down as they are needed, by a man who has a rounded knife, fastened to a long pole; then one strips the blossoms, and the leaves near them, together off the vine. They want some of the leaves, yet not too many. You can pick too dirty, or too clean, so it remains something of a problem.

At this yard the hops were being picked for the first time, and experienced pickers told us they were too soft and therefore not good. They wilted, and consequently refused to make bulk.

Most of the farmers of this region are very rich. The average price of land about here is $1,000 per acre. One of them had built himself a beautiful house near our encampment and sold us seven empty barrels, whose contents in hops would fill an enormous box, which was the standard of measurement. At first $1.00 was paid for filling one of these huge boxes; later, when people were dissatisfied, the price was raised to $1.25.

This first afternoon a young man from Seattle, who had picked hops near Munich, and had come here just for an outing, helped us, and it was a proud moment when we

could call out "ticket." The man in charge then gave us a ticket entitling us to $1.25, which we could get any time.

We picked faithfully the next day, but did not come up to our hopes and expectations. Yet we considered the matter, and decided we were not more prosperous because we were green hands, and thought it best to stay there at least one week.

The spirit of enterprise has been a great power in developing new countries, and it is duly strong in the West. In the fall, when there is a chance to earn an honest dollar, many a family, not the richest, I suppose, but often people who are quite well-to-do (though I do not belong to that class), will hitch a pair of horses to their big wagon, in which they have put a camping-outfit, and drive where there is work to be done. If they don't like it in one place, they go to another. They are the most independent people on the face of the earth. We would see families arrive one day, and perhaps when we came back from the hop-field next noon, their places would know them no more. And for the one who had gone away there might be two or three new arrivals.

The farm on which we were working belonged to some Nabob, who did everything imaginable. Near the hop-yard there was also a hop-dryer, where the hops picked daily were dried and packed into large bales covered with gunny-sack cloth, very much as cotton is packed.

The week passed, and although we became more expert, we could never fill more than one box each in a day. So we decided to look around and go to a better field. On Sunday I went to church at North Yakima. When I returned toward evening, I met my friend with all our belongings, including the seven measuring-barrels.

"We are going to a better place," said she. The man stopped, I got on, and we drove to a place a mile nearer town, and this time it was our good fortune to camp in an orchard. I felt as if we had come into the Garden of Eden. While I was doing other things, Miss Sellards set up the tent very deftly under four apple-trees, which made fine landlords

for us. We felt convinced that we had bettered our conditions.

Never in my life had I seen so many and so many kinds of beautiful apples, from dainty lady apples to those weighing a pound and a half. We could take all we wanted. How good they tasted!

Again we made things as homelike as possible. We were given several basketfuls of alfalfa; on this we laid our mattresses. The stove was on the outside. On the other side in front of the tent was a box, which I had hunted up, and which served us as a table. Then we went out to work, and noticed a great difference in the hops. Ere we were aware of it, our seven barrels were full, and my companion shook them carefully, as if they were roses, into the monster box, which she took pains not to touch, as this shakes down the hops. The hops were harder and did not wilt; we could fill a box more quickly, and received $1.25 each time we filled it. The first day we picked three boxes, and it was the height of our ambition to pick two apiece daily.

One or the other would go home and prepare the midday meal. Honey did not enjoy hop-picking very much. I used to take my golf cape out for him to lie on, but nevertheless he was always heartily glad when I left the field.

When we had picked for several days and worked very hard, I took half a day off, in which I washed our dirty clothes. I felt, too, with our beds on the ground, and our legless stove and table, that I should have to cut off my own legs in order to fit into this vale of humility. While I hesitated and reflected, it occurred to me that it might be easier to give a general uplift to the furniture.

I looked around until I found a few old pieces of wood, which I nailed to the sides of the box, thus giving it legs. I took off one of the boards from the sides, and now we had a cupboard, too.

I pounded four sticks deep into the ground and set the stove on them. I now could stand upright and work with far greater ease, rejoicing in the consciousness that the legless days were over.

We had the usual trouble of the smoking stove, and an oven that would not bake, but in time we came to a better understanding of the stove, and were able to remedy these defects. I also cleared away piles of apples that were rotting on the ground near us. It is a well-known fact that the immortal poet Schiller was stimulated to write by such fruit, which he kept in a drawer near him. To me the odor was annoying and disturbed my sleep.

There were many and all kinds of people here, too. If a woman is not over-particular, she can find a husband in a hop-yard any time. Many bachelors go there to try their luck. They throw out hints of varying breadths, ranging from the size of a violet-stem to a barn-door. One old fellow said he had six hundred acres of land, and that his father at one time owned the land the city of Cincinnati was built on. He was most desirous of taking unto himself a wife. His tent was not very far from ours, and we could not help hearing some of his conversation, which was so blasphemous that no good woman would have wished to know him.

Another wretch, who had never taken a bath in his life, said to me smiling, "I've been looking for a partner to start a restaurant." I smiled as I passed, saying inwardly, "Continue looking!" At night some of these people had dances, to which we never had the honor of being invited.

There was an improvised store near us, and every day grocers drove out to see what we wanted; they would have brought us anything. The fruit-man came with his wares, and loads of melons were bought and sold. Even the photographer came to take the picture of the whole crowd, in order to sell each one a picture. One could easily spend all one earned.

We became more and more skilled. One day we received news that two Horse Heaven girls were coming to join us in picking hops. Miss Sellards went to meet them, but the girls turned out to be boys, her youngest brother and Victor Young. We all picked together, now filling seven barrels

eight times a day. We were glad to have the strong men shake the hops into the huge box and call for the ticket; I was glad to get it, but disliked calling for it. Each of us from now on earned $2.50 a day.

The hop-picking season lasts only from three to four weeks. Two hundred persons were needed to pick the hops.

I noted specially one family, man, woman, a girl of thirteen, and a boy of eleven, who made ten dollars every day. There is sometimes danger of becoming too grasping and of placing too high a value on one's time. I have already remarked that the land about North Yakima is very costly. Almost every person living in town has a ranch or two.

The hops in some of the yards were picked by Indians exclusively. They had their tepees, ponies, dogs, and all with them. Most of the work was done by the squaws. There is a large Indian reservation in Yakima County, where, some years ago, every man, woman, and child received eighty acres from the Government, twenty of which they cannot sell. They are treated as American citizens. Many are very wealthy, and I have seen them buy beautiful china and all manner of fine things in North Yakima.

When nearly all the hops in our yard were picked except a piece considered bad because the leaves were dried up, while the blossoms were as they should be, a troop of squaws was brought in on Monday morning to do the job. They picked till noon, but refused to come back, and we finished the work, feeling that we were superior to the red man.

The second Sunday morning I took a walk on Nob Hill and met an old Indian on horseback, his fat paunch snugly buttoned into an overcoat. I wished him good morning, while he cheerfully saluted me, "How do you do, sir?"

The last Sunday night the Indians in the hop-yard not far from us had a great dance. The white people went to their camp to look on. Each one was asked, "Do you come in peace to see the Indian dance?" When assured of this, the visitors were invited in. Dressed in their best finery, the red men performed all kinds of dances. I did not go

to see them, but heard the dull beating of the drum till late into the night.

At about this time in October the Washington State Fair usually takes place at North Yakima. After this fair the Indians have their own show. Two successive Sunday afternoons they come to town in all their grandeur, and they certainly look picturesque; they love colors, and whatever they do must delight the artist. The bucks come out in their broad-brimmed felt hats, a feather stuck into the band, in beaded moccasins, gloves, and ornaments, the women with bright silk handkerchiefs on their heads. On their horses are brilliant blankets, which they wrap around their legs in such a way that none of their splendor is lost. Of course, all the women ride astride. Most of the Indians come on horseback, some in carriages; few dress like white men. Each squaw carries a beaded bag, each of a different design.

All the Indians rode around the show themselves, then they tied their horses and went into the stores, which were all open for their special benefit. There were clerks who could speak their language, which, they told me, was easy; it seemed to me full of gutturals, lots of German *ch*'s. I saw a squaw who, having bought a trunk, was filling it with all the nice things she was buying.

While I was in another store, an Indian grandmother came in with her lord, her grandson, a strapping boy between three and four, well able to walk, tied to her back in a big shawl, which she unloosed, setting him down and giving him a piece of candy, which his lordship disdained with a scornful look. She then handed him a big cooky rounded with fine scallops, which he accepted with a stolid countenance as he sat on the floor.

Later on I saw a drunken Indian treated as an American citizen in being conducted to jail, while another buck in black broadcloth trousers was observing the proceedings from the distance with a peculiar smile on his face. The Indian men still wear long hair, mostly hanging in two braids behind their ears. I saw some rather pretty girls, but most of their women are still beasts of burden. It is said that after earn-

ing so much money in the hop-fields they gamble with the bucks, who by hook or crook get it away from them.

Toward evening all return home. Many times when I stopped to look at them, with little Honey near me, a squaw would give me to understand that she would like to have that little dog right in front of her on her saddle. Of course, I shook my head. Nearly all Western saddles have a high pommel, which is very helpful to the rider. As I was approaching our camp, I caught up with an Indian with his squaw; she could not speak English. They were Klickitats. I said to them, "We seem to be the only ones walking."

"We must be poor," he said, to which I replied, "You are right!"

We got into quite an interesting conversation. They were wearing moccasins. I learned that the leather required for making a pair cost at least one dollar; that they did not wear them for common because they were perishable. I have been in Weiser, Idaho, when the Indians came to buy the salmon caught in the Snake River; they come every year. I could see crowds of them while I sat in Miss Slocum's carriage without ever hearing a sound. Those who wear these soft shoes surely have no corns. The noiselessness is almost uncanny.

When all the hops had been picked, we pulled up stakes, gathered together our possessions, and the man for whom we had worked took us back to town, inviting us to come again next year.

I liked North Yakima so well that I thought of passing the winter there. I could teach German, French, and music, and hoped that some one would wish to study one or the other branch.

With picking hops I had cleared $27.50, not a great sum, but I had had a change, and had I stayed on my dusty ranch, I should not have had that much. There were some of the relations of my Horse Heaven neighbors living in town, and I hoped they would be glad to take me in at a rather low figure until I had work to do and an income. Right then and there began

16. The Winter of My Discontent,

Which multiplied and increased steadily until the climax was capped.

I advertised in the North Yakima papers. Some of the former hop-pickers lived in town, and they tried to help me. Two young women, domestic servants, wished to take music lessons at their own price, 25 cents a lesson, to which I agreed. I rented the only piano to be had in the town for 5 dollars a month. The woman in whose house I was staying, and who was the only inmate of it, allowed me to have it in her parlor, which, I should think, she would have considered a favor.

The house was good-sized, and I thought she would be glad to have a nice woman near her, as she had heart-trouble. I chose the meanest room, furnished many things myself, and was ready to help and do anything, hoping the price of room and board might be low.

I come from a home where kindnesses and services were done continually for the love of Christ, where money was never spoken of. There are many fine people in the West, but also a good many who must be paid every time they move their hand to do something, and they rate their services highly. My landlady, whom I will call Mrs. Black, was most economical. Good cooking costs money. She did not like to do much of it, and everything she produced was boiled. There were boiled potatoes, even for breakfast. I began to loathe the boiled things. When once I asked for cake, she baked a very large one with one egg and very little sugar in it; even my dog would not eat it. When I asked about the price of the board and room, — which I should have done earlier, — she told me it was $4.50 a week; and when it got colder, I was to furnish my own stove and fuel. Of service there was not a shadow. I felt that the woman was grasping, that she had no heart for me, and I longed to get away from her.

I have here complained of the fault of another which was also in my heart, and which, unfortunately, I yielded to,

causing myself some unhappy hours. Greed is a very ugly vice. Almost anywhere in the West you hear of people who came there poor as Job's turkey, who, perhaps, threw away their last dollar that they might say that they had begun with nothing. They had bought sage-brush land at a low price, from 75 cents to $1.50 an acre, then irrigation had come, a town had sprung up on their land, and there they were, rolling in wealth. I saw so many inviting chances to make money all around me wherever I went, and I said to myself, "Why shouldn't I seize one of these opportunities by the forelock?"

One day Mrs. Black asked me to go with her to Old Yakima, six miles away, near where she had a cow and calf in pasture, and about which she wanted to see. She told me not to let her family know, because they would not want her to walk, for fear that it might injure her health. She would not spend money to hire a carriage. Of course, I went, and Honey too. On the way, one mile from her house, I noticed a farm laid out in acre tracts. There were lots with houses on them all around, and 'way beyond the tracts, which seemed very desirable to me. I began to lust after an acre tract — they were for sale by Jim & Johnson, a great real estate firm.

On the way Mrs. Black found five cents and some useful hardware, which she took home; besides, she begged roots of flowers from a gardener whose place we passed. Her house stood in an orchard, and she carefully sold every peach, apple, and pear. It was here I saw the first almond-tree. I gathered the nuts for her, and though she told me to take some, I had so completely lost all respect for her that I would not touch even one. I longed to get away from her.

What wonder that it seemed like a ray of light when I read in the paper, "A lady can get room and board by helping with the housework." I went at once to the place; a pretty, modern home with a sweet-looking woman in it. We talked things over. She said I could play on her piano and give my lessons there. I promised to come the next day.

If I could do things in a half-hearted manner, I think

I might have stayed there. If I had only stayed with the baby sometimes, so that the mother might have gone out, I think she would have been satisfied, but I began by getting up and preparing the breakfast, which the man had done, and working hard till half past one or two. By that time I was pretty well tired out, and felt unfit to do the things I liked to do.

One day when I was hanging out quite a washing which I had done, the woman from the neighboring house came to speak to me. I had made up my mind not to stay in this place, as I felt that the woman in whose house I was had the advantage of me. I had thought of going back to Parkland, where I knew every one, and where I thought I had some friends. The neighbor told me there was a woman from Tacoma in her house who wished to speak to me.

So I went over. The lady who had asked for me told me that she was well-to-do and lived alone with her husband in a pretty home; that she was lame, and if I would come to her just to keep her company, she would give me a home and pocket-money besides. I took her address.

I had gone while still at Mrs. Black's to inquire about the acre-tracts at Jim & Johnson's. They had but lately come into the market because their former owner had died a short time ago in Portland. They were under a free irrigation ditch, and the soil was volcanic ash, and many were already sold. I chose No. 10. I liked the view from there very much. I was to pay 50 dollars down, 50 dollars in three months, and thereafter 10 dollars a month and 7 per cent. interest on what I still owed. I made the first payment, and thought if the worst came, I would go out as a cook and earn at least $25 a month. I now think that would have been the best and most sensible thing to do. I dreaded going out as a servant, and the situation grew harder and harder as time went on.

At my second place husband and wife did not live happily together, which was not pleasant for me. She told me, too, that I did none too much; I was sure I did. She told me of a woman who had had the place before me, and who

would go in the afternoon to pick apples, making a lot of money.

I always worked, and was strong and well, but did not seem to get any money, while those who had had few advantages were making money hand over fist, and flourishing like the Biblical bay-trees. I did not seem to fit in anywhere, nor did I enjoy being in other people's houses.

My money had melted away quickly. With a borrowed five dollar gold piece I left North Yakima for Parkland, where I knew all the people of my church. I rented a small furnished house at 5 dollars a month. There was wood split and piled up in the woodshed.

A neighbor asked me to relieve her of a schoolgirl from Alaska who could not get into the academy until more rooms were furnished there; all she could pay was 10 dollars a month. Though I tried to be economical, I gave the young girl plenty of wholesome food, so that she gained a number of pounds while with me. But unfortunately for me, I could not make the money last like some whom I have met in these latter years.

As my boarder had to be in school at 8 o'clock in the morning, I had to get up early, and because I furnished her meals, I was very much tied down. I racked my brain to think of some way of earning money. The acre-tract haunted me day and night, and I wished I had never taken it; yet, on the other hand, I felt strongly disinclined to let it go and lose my first payment, particularly as I knew it was a very good investment.

Some very kind friends of mine, Dr. MacDonald and his family in Tacoma, invited me to share their Thanksgiving dinner. At their house I also met some of their Portland friends, who told us about some rag-dolls the Ladies' Aid of their church had made; they were really two dolls in one; one white, belonging to the Caucasian race, and when you turned her upside down, her petticoat formed the dress of Black Dina. "That might be something for you," said Mrs. MacDonald, and the guest cut me the pattern of a doll and her clothes.

I began to make such dolls, becoming fascinated with the individuality of each one. I painted their faces in water-colors. I made thirteen in all and sold them at 50 cents each. Several friends bought dolls, and finally the Courtesy League, which some years ago I had been instrumental in calling into life at the Pacific Lutheran Academy, bought all the remaining rag-dolls, and gave them to the children of the orphans' home, which had been founded by the Rev. Tobias Larson at Parkland, Wash., in 1902, and which has been, and still is, doing a great work. I shall always feel grateful to the Courtesy League.

I also made some German Christmas cakes. The ingredients called for in the recipe are costly, and when I counted my labor and the wood used in baking them, the price was 50 cents a pound. I sold some, but on the whole this venture was no success from a business standpoint, though the cakes themselves were very delicious.

It is delightful to remember kindnesses; and right here I should like to raise a little monument of gratitude to Mrs. X., a milliner of Tacoma, Wash., who was always very good to me. She altered my hats, and when I went to Horse Heaven, she supplied me with the necessary wilderness hats, cast-off ones. She always had a kind word to say, too.

One time when I went into her shop to tell her about my Christmas cakes, she introduced me to a very elegantly dressed lady, her friend Mrs. W., who was kind enough to order some Christmas cakes. I invited the ladies to come and see me in my little home, and they came the following Sunday. Mrs. W., in turn, invited me to spend the coming Friday with her, and I accepted the invitation.

She lived in a pretty house, from where one had a fine view of Puget Sound. We were both interested in music and languages, and had other things in common. Her husband had an important position in the smelter nearby. They had no children.

No matter how nice her husband may be, a woman likes to see a woman, too, and Mrs. W. said she would be glad to give me a home for my companionship. It was now late

in December, and we agreed that I should come there a few days before Christmas.

"And may my dog come, too?" I asked as I went away. Mrs. W. said such a thing had never been, but she thought there would be no objection.

While I was there, she told me her story, which was a remarkable one. Her parents were Polish exiles, who had flourished in one of the Western States. She, the only daughter, had been brought up under strict surveillance, and she feared, rather than loved, her father. Adjoining their back yard was a tailor-shop; she sometimes saw the tailor working there, but never spoke to him. The only place where she went unaccompanied was to Sunday-school; and while on the way there one Sunday the servants kidnaped her and took her by train to a place some distance away. Already on the way there they told her she was to marry the tailor. She was only fourteen years old, and they persuaded her that she must do it. Then they took her to some hall, where the tailor also came, and a clergyman was there to marry them. After the ceremony there were refreshments; the servants had a good time, and when it began to get late, the tailor wished to withdraw and take his newly wedded wife with him. To this, however, she objected and ran away in the darkness of the night till she found shelter with a woman, to whom she told her story, and who concealed her in the cellar.

Naturally the young girl's parents were almost frantic when they heard what had happened to her, and offered a reward of $1,000 for information which would lead to their daughter's discovery. Towards evening the woman would allow the young girl to go out to get fresh air, and from the picture and the description in the paper she was recognized by a Catholic priest. He notified her father, who then sent for her.

When she came into his presence, he cried out, "Down on your knees and beg for mercy!" What had happened had been a terrible shock to him. He praised his child, however, for having refused to go with the man, but he said, if, because

of her promise, she felt that she ought to live with the man, he would let them have a room in the house.

The father had been brought up a strict Catholic, — how could he otherwise have attached any value whatever to a mock ceremony between a scoundrel and a child! I dare say that every right-thinking person must regret that the marriage was not declared null and void, and the rascal punished besides.

The unfortunate girl felt in duty bound to live with the man, but her life was not a happy one. The grief over this *mésalliance* killed the father, who had been a very proud man. It is easy to understand the daughter's feelings.

After some time a child was born. The tailor moved into another town, and as no money was forthcoming, — the father had disinherited his daughter, — he began to maltreat his wife in his drunken debauches, and people began to tell the wretched young woman that she was not the only one.

Once when she returned in the night from a visit to her mother, she found a strange woman in her house. Quietly she locked the door, and with her sleeping baby in her arms she went to the marshal and said, "For God's sake, help me!"

He accompanied her and saw what she had seen. "Don't you dare to come back," was all the wronged wife said to the monster, as the two evil-doers fled from the house. Whether he died, or whether there was a divorce, I do not remember, but it was the end of that ill-fated marriage.

As has been stated, the poor daughter was cut off in the father's testament, and now her mother took the baby, so that her daughter might go out into the world and earn her bread as a saleswoman.

The child, a son, grew up and was a comfort to his mother. When I was there, he was living in California, happily married. For a number of years Mrs. W. earned her living; at times, too, she would stay with her mother.

One day there was a terrible explosion in the smelter near Mrs. W.'s old home. A man was hurled fifty feet into the air, whence he descended greatly injured, but alive. For some reason he asked to be taken to the home of Mrs. W.'s

mother, who, although he was a stranger to her, was kind enough to take him in, as it seemed heartless to cross the last wish of a dying man. He received the very best care from mother and daughter, and in time recovered.

Nothing was more natural as he grew better than that he should begin to take an interest in his kind nurse, who, among others, had allowed some of her skin to be grafted on to the lacerated arm.

As he grew stronger, she took him out driving, and when he had gotten well, he asked her to become his own for life, and she did not say him "nay."

Their union was calm and peaceful. They had gone farther West, and for some years they had plunged into the gayety and pleasure of society; they had lived in a fine house, and used up nearly all of Mr. W.'s salary.

When she wearied of all this, Mrs. W. decided to begin a new life, and to lay up a little sum for a rainy day.

She earned a neat sum in selling mining stock, which she invested in the lot on which their house was standing. With the economies she could make she built a plain one-room house with a lean-to.

When she moved in, her husband said she would have to live there alone, but ere long he began to admire his wife's good sense, and was only too glad to live in the little house. They then lived more truly their own lives, and were happier than ever. When I met them, they seemed quite well-to-do.

Mrs. W. was one of the kindest women I ever knew. She was planning good things for me, too. For instance, she knew of some lots some one wanted to buy. So she wanted me to make a bid on them, pay down 5 dollars to clinch the bargain, and then sell them at a margin to the people that wanted them, clearing a nice little sum for myself. When one's funds are so low, one's courage is inclined to be likewise, and I never laid hold of this offer.

I made arrangements to leave the house in which I had been living; the rooms at the Academy were now finished, and my young girl could go there. I had the rent to pay and one cord of wood, and with the material for Christmas

cakes I had run up a nice little bill at the grocery. Boarding the young girl was not profitable; it would please me to think that my unconscious influence may be helpful to her some time. When all was in order and my trunk packed, I locked the house, took Honey, and went to Mrs. W. I had been there but a few minutes when she said, "My husband said you were welcome, but your dog couldn't stay; even our own dog is not allowed to come into the house."

My heart sank. Ere her husband came home, we put Honey into my room and left him there till he went away again. I fear my poor, petted darling did not know what to make of it.

I helped Mrs. W. make Christmas-cakes for the neighbor's children. Towards evening she said, "I have a plan. There are the Wilsons a few squares from here. Mr. Wilson used to be a teacher, and he was getting old, so I got him the position of timekeeper at the factory, where he earns 75 dollars a month. They live right near here; I will see if there is any gratitude in them. We could take Honey there when Mr. W. comes home, and bring him back when he goes to work."

She went over and returned soon, saying Mrs. Wilson was willing to try it; she had a dog of her own. I have found that everybody loves his own dog best, which is quite right.

Early the next morning Mrs. Wilson returned with Honey, saying he had cried all night, which Mrs. W. doubted behind her back.

Just now (in 1910) when I read a friend this part of my story, she said, "Why didn't you sell Honey?" Proverbs are the wisdom of the streets and the wisdom of the nations. Had not others felt like me, "Love me, love my dog," would not exist, and only he who has trained a dog knows what it means. When I found Honey could not stay at Mrs. W.'s, I took the dear beastie to Mrs. MacDonald and asked her to keep him for a day while I went to see the lady that had asked me to come to her while we were both at North Yakima.

I found everything as she had told me, except the pocket money, — and perhaps she dared not say anything about it in her husband's presence, — which I could understand very well later. She was willing to have me come, so I went that very evening and got Honey, who seemed to be well liked in his new home.

Mrs. McFay, I will call her, and I were very congenial. She had formerly kept a boarding-house, and invested her earnings in real-estate; thus she had become rich when Tacoma began to grow. She was of Pennsylvania Dutch descent, which I found out when she said, for instance, "What for a place would that be?" She had married Mr. McFay, a widower with young children. He was a contractor and very well-to-do. The children grew up and left home, and some would not stay where their father was. In the fall he had had a mishap in falling from a building he was erecting in the city, and had been obliged to stay at home. He was just getting better, and able to go to the city to attend to his business when I came.

I noticed that Mrs. McFay began to get uneasy about the time she expected her husband's return; he seemed to be sick every time he came home, and soon I saw, without being told, what was the matter. He would not eat at home. Mrs. McFay grew very uneasy, and when there seemed an opportunity of my beginning to keep a boarding-house, she seemed anxious for me to undertake it. She cried a good deal, and said everything she liked was always taken away from her. I had read the Bible to her as she was unable to go to church; she said she had hoped to make spiritual progress this winter.

I had helped to get the meals, and had always insisted on washing the dishes alone. There was nothing else for me to do as the washing was done out of the house. Mrs. McFay did the cooking so easily, it seemed second nature for her to do these things, and everything she prepared tasted so good.

The night about which I now write Mr. McFay came home sober, but very soon he went to a saloon nearby, and when he came back, he began to drive me out of the house.

I would not repeat what he said, if I could, but my blood turned cold and my hair stood on end. He threatened to call the police if I did not get out. It was early in January and a black night.

At first I thought I should have to wait till morning. I tried to realize that the man was drunk, and I cried to God to help me to bear this trial. But after a moment's reflection I preferred the darkest night to such a home.

That evening I had received a registered letter from one of my oldest and best friends; it contained ten dollars, and proved to me the providence of my heavenly Father, whom I pray to bless my friend's children forever. It was all the money I had, and now I could pay board for a few days at least while I looked for work elsewhere. But I groaned, "How long, O Lord?"

Now I frequently went to the Y. W. C. A. to find work. There never seemed to be anything suitable.

After a while the lady in charge of the Employment Bureau told me about a high-class restaurant which would shortly be opened at Tacoma; she was getting very nice girls and women to work there, and proposed that I take the place of pantry-woman. Upon inquiring what this meant, I found I was to wait on the cook and to help wipe dishes. I was to work from eight in the morning until the work was done, in the afternoon, it might be four or half-past four. The lady starting this enterprise had a restaurant at Seattle also, and was making money hand over fist. The place she had chosen was a rear room on one of the principal business streets, and the kitchen was below in the basement, a long, dark place, with only one window in the back. The restaurant and kitchen were connected by a lift.

It takes time to begin any new undertaking. The lady who started it was a clever New England woman, and what she offered was so good and so well planned that I will tell of it here, so that one or another may profit by it. The bill of fare was the same every day. The names of the eatables, with the prices, were suspended on the wall in a neat frame. All the furniture and dishes and the furnishings were of the

very best and in good taste. Everything used in cooking was of superior quality. There was a lunch counter and little tables. Every day three or four chickens were bought and boiled together with a large piece of veal neck — in plenty of water. When the chickens were done, not too much and not too little, they were taken out and also the veal. A good many potatoes were also boiled in their jackets. On the following morning the best slices were carefully cut from the chickens with a sharp knife. The second best pieces and the skin were put through the grinder, and with a dressing turned into a salad. This furnished chicken-salad and chicken-salad sandwiches. All these were carefully wrapped in oiled paper and kept on covered glass stands. What was on the chicken bones after this was carefully cut into little chunks and mixed with the veal, treated in the same way. The *bouillon* in which the chickens had been boiled the previous day was put on the fire, the pieces of meat into it, and when it came to a boil, a large pan of thickened flour was gradually stirred in, also a bit of nutmeg and chopped parsley. A rich biscuit dough was made and rolled out, this to fit little brown bowls into which some of the mixture had been put, with a cover of crust. They were then baked and sold as chicken-pies at fifteen cents each. They were delicious!

In the West they have the fine, red apples, of which they make all kinds of good desserts. One of them is called "apples in bloom," which was daily served at this restaurant, and it is prepared as follows. You core the apples, put enough in a granite pan side by side to fill it comfortably, and also enough water almost to cover the apples. Everything that is to keep its color must be boiled without a cover. When the apples are tender, you find that out by sticking a silver fork through one of them. You take them out and set them away to cool. While they are cooling, you boil the cores tender in the water in which the apples have been boiled, and when you have strained this, you boil it down to a rich, thick syrup. When the apples are cool, you remove the skins, and with a silver knife scrape out the red on

the inside and plaster it smoothly on each apple, thus making it pretty and red. When ordered, such an apple was put on a plate, the inside filled with rich syrup and the outside covered abundantly with sweetened, flavored whipped cream; it sold for fifteen cents.

There were Boston baked beans and brown bread every day, made *just so;* rice, too, was boiled and washed in cold water, till every grain stood out individually; this was warmed, and was served with plenty of cream.

Daily there was a large roast of beef. Two slices of bread on a plate, two slices of beef, and several spoonfuls of juice or dish-gravy was called a roast beef sandwich and cost twenty-five cents. The next morning the roast beef left over and the boiled potatoes were turned into very palatable hash, baked brown in large pans in the oven. Coffee and tea were made upstairs. Each cup of chocolate was made to order in the kitchen. Pies in great number and of all kinds were made for the pie-loving American men. The restaurant tried to cater to the men in the big office buildings of the city. Each pie — they were all good-sized — was cut into six pieces, and each piece sold for ten cents. Cigars were for sale.

The routine of the restaurant was very simple, and in a few days I was able to take hold anywhere. Extra waitresses came in for a few hours. The lunch was served from eleven to three and was the only meal.

It was astonishing what nice girls and women had been secured to work in this restaurant; I felt quite at home among them. The pie-maker was a friend of the owner, and had come just to start the business.

The dishes were piled into wire baskets and washed in a machine. The water was so hot that they almost dried themselves. But the baskets with the dishes were very heavy, and ere long the dish-washer's back gave out. The pie-maker was a very nice, but nervous woman; I tried my best to remain patient as I carried out her orders, and I am glad to say I was successful.

I had lived out of doors nearly all the time; here I was

confined in a room where the electric lights burned all day, and if the only window was opened at all, the heat of the gas stove flew out of the window; so we poor creatures were condemned to live without air and without sunlight, which went very hard with me. Besides, the place was intolerably hot; I felt that I was in a veritable inferno. For a while I tried to brave it out; everything had been so hard that I dreaded still harder things.

Soon there were new people every day, no one seemed to like it there. I had made so many changes that I hoped I might get used to my work in this place. I received $4.50 a week and one meal a day. I boarded in Parkland, from where I had to start on an early car, and it was late when I got back. Besides all this, I felt that I was inconveniencing my friends there.

Only a person who has gone through similar experiences can sympathize with me. It is true, I had health, but I was almost penniless, and though I worked hard, I could scarcely make a living. When I came out of the cellar after the day's work, I was so hot and my face would be so red that people in the street would turn around and look at me.

After sticking to my job nine days, my spirit revolted. I felt that I must have air and sunlight, even if I could have little else.

The helpers coming in fresh daily were of a far coarser and lower grade than those who had started out with me. When one of them standing next to me coughed into the hash and wiped her nose on the dish-towel, I could not help thinking our employer was getting what she deserved; I think the kitchen was soon after condemned. I took the few paltry dollars she gave me after having deducted generously for a saucer that I had broken.

Meanwhile I had seen an advertisement in the paper: "Room for rent in private family; electric light, telephone, bathroom and a piano." That sounded very good. I went to see it; the price was two dollars a week. I took it. It was in an alley, but faced Puget Sound, and Honey received the kindest treatment.

My funds were very low, and I applied for the job of going out washing. This time I got work at once in a family of whom several members had had the grippe. I went right to work and did the washing, which took me till noon. The woman of the house and her son, who was convalescent, then began to sweep and dust, while she asked me to clean the bathroom. When that was done, the whole house was clean, and there remained nothing more for me to do but to go home. I learned later that a woman who goes out by the day has a right to earn $1.50 a day and her car-fare and dinner, if she works from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. I was green and went home with 90 cents. It felt good to have even this much.

I was asked to stop at a neighbor's on my way home. She was anxious to have me wash for her the next day, when I had intended to rest; but hearing her reasons, I consented. At noon the snowy washing was fluttering on the line, and my employer gave me a dollar. Her husband cleared $7,000 a year with his ice-plant, but she could not get a maid.

The next morning I was stiff and hardly able to walk down-stairs, but I now felt ready for every and any fray.

When the woman in charge of the Y. W. C. A. saw that I did not shrink from going out washing, she telephoned, asking sweetly if I would help them with the dish-washing over the noon hour. I went for a week and decided to stay. They gave me five dollars a week, my breakfast as a special favor, and my dinner.

At 8 o'clock I began to peel potatoes until there were enough; then I did all kinds of jobs, which ended with sweeping the kitchen. By this time it was eleven, when I ate my dinner. After this time guests began to come in. There was a woman to help clear and stack the dishes, while I washed and wiped with all my might until about three o'clock. After that I had to sweep the large restaurant with its 45 heavy mission-chairs; since then I do not like mission-furniture. Every Friday I had to help mop this

big room. My arms still ached the next morning; it seems to me they ache now as I think of those times.

I peeled sack upon sack of potatoes, — I don't care for potatoes any more. On Saturday night a meal was served for the saleswomen.

I was free on Sunday, but I had nothing to eat, and it must be borne in mind that I was given no room. The Y. W. C. A. pretends to help women, — they did not help me. An older woman is in far greater need of help than a young one. When I had paid room-rent, my meals on Sunday, and my suppers, there was not enough left to buy shoes. I did buy a pair at a sale for 98 cents. They were much too large, but they had rubber heels, which kept me from making a noise as I walked through the vale of humility; my skirt was long, and I thought how much better it was than if my shoes had been too small.

And the time passed.

February had come upon us, and I was beginning to turn my face towards Horse Heaven where I should at least be under my own roof, and from which no one had a right to drive me.

Then, too, there were my chickens. When I wrote and asked about them, I was told that dozens of them had died of the roup, and my neighbors thought it best to sell all that remained, to which I consented. So I got my 20 dollars back, and had had a good deal of experience besides.

One morning, toward the close of my dish-washing career, the woman at the head came to take her breakfast. Smiling sweetly (the cook said she got 75 dollars a month for doing that), she said to me, "You are always at your post."

Of course I was.

I said to her, "Have you tried to find me some other work, as I asked you to do?"

She hesitated; no, she hadn't.

I was wroth in spirit, but controlled myself and remained silent. As far as she was concerned, I should be peeling potatoes there still.

The cook was by far the finest woman there; her name

(her real name) was Mrs. Jackson, and she was splendid. Always prompt and capable and kindness itself, and everything she made was delicious. She had been my predecessor. She told me that few had kept the place as long as I had. The work, obviously, was not liked.

With that winter's hard experiences back of me, I kept this for fear of doing worse. I was doing good, honest work, of which I was not ashamed, though I was not satisfied with my wages.

The thought of going back to my homestead seemed like a redemption, and made my heart leap with joy. I counted the days; I had given warning, and had finished my service Saturday night.

As I went out of the room, I said "good-bye," and the smiling one said impressively, "Are you never coming back to see us?"

"I think not," was my reply as I walked joyfully away to the five- and ten-cent store to buy a coffee-pot and some seeds for my home in Horse Heaven.

At this time the following verse by Paul Gerhardt gave me strong comfort: —

Ei so fass, o Christenherz,
Alle deine Schmerzen,
Wirf sie froehlich hinterwaerts,
Lass des Trostes Kerzen
Dich entzuenden mehr und mehr.
Gib dem grossen Namen
Deines Gottes Preis und Ehr',
Er wird helfen. Amen.

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17. The Light Breaks Through the Clouds Once More.

I wrote my mother to address her next letter to me at Prosser. On Monday morning my trunk was ready, and I intended to take the next train, when at last — at last! — something pleasant happened.

I was out with Honey, making an effort to secure a position as a teacher of French and German in a denominational

school for the next school-year. I learned some young lady had been promised the place. I have repeatedly found that positions in such institutions are given to persons by no means qualified to fill them; but because they belong to the church, or because they have rich relations, they are almost forced on them.

The wife of the great man at the head of the college hesitated to let Honey in, saying no dog had ever been in her house. I begged her to let him sit on my lap, as he would probably never come there again.

When I got back to the house where I roomed, I found a letter from dear Miss Slocum containing a letter from Mrs. Blank of Cascade Locks, Oreg., a former pupil of hers in the East, who was looking for a governess to finish the school-year of her children, who were taught at home. In her letter Miss Slocum urged me to go and see the Blanks; so instead of going to Prosser, I went to Cascade Locks.

My heart rejoiced, and my strengthened faith was jubilant over the renewed experience that "He careth for His children."

I left the next morning, March 20, 1907.

Cascade Locks is a hamlet of several hundred inhabitants, and lies in the heart of the mountains on the Columbia where that river is hemmed in, and where there are cascades and locks. The mountains on both sides of the river show the underlying strata, and it is said that in the olden times the Columbia here rushed along through an underground passage. The Indians tell that, going down the river, the boat had to go through a dark passage under the "Bridge of the Gods," — that at one time the gods fought a battle on it, which caused it to break down.

I have repeatedly seen the Rhine, I have lived on the Hudson near the Catskills and near the beautiful winding Connecticut, but the Columbia surpasses them all. It has a beautiful childhood in British Columbia, and its manhood from The Dalles to Astoria is superb and cannot be duly described, — go and see for yourself. Every time you look up you have much to enjoy. Cascade Locks is two hours east of

Portland. I never have seen lovelier, brighter, better children than were those of Mr. and Mrs. Blank. I visited their school, and had a talk with their parents about taking the place. They urged me to spend a week with them, and after that time I consented to take the school until it closed.

I also met Mrs. Douglas, a very fine Englishwoman, who was here as a nursery governess and mother's helper. She was a delight to me, and all these years she has been my never-failing, faithful friend.

Ere long it would have been six months since I had last been on my homestead in Horse Heaven. To fulfil the law to the letter I decided to go there before settling down at Cascade Locks.

Mrs. Douglas had met Mrs. E. M. Wilson of The Dalles, Oreg., on her way out, and she had invited her to make her a visit. So we started out together. I took Honey with me. Mrs. Wilson is one of the oldest settlers in her city. Her husband, a lawyer, died when she was young, and left her with four children to bring up, educate, and earn the bread for. She was postmistress for twelve years.

A kinder, wiser, cleverer woman I never met. I had to take a slow train at The Dalles, which would stop at Arlington, the little town where I wanted to go. I had to wait several hours for it, and went with Mrs. Douglas to Mrs. Wilson, who received me like an old friend.

We considered the question of leaving Honey with Mrs. Douglas, who had had a fox-terrier in England, and who liked my pet; I was able to move more freely without him, and left him behind, together with my blue jacket to hide him under on the train.

My next move was to Arlington, Oreg., a little town nestling in the bosom of a canyon by the side of the Columbia. I had plenty of time to see it all and to get acquainted with a number of its inhabitants.

The violets and other spring flowers were in bloom, and I was given all kinds of plants to take to my home. I engaged passage on the stage which left the next morning at seven. The hotel in which I stopped was pretty good, but it

was an awfully long time since any house-cleaning had been done there.

Arlington, I was told, was dying, because the farmers and the sheepmen no longer shipped their wheat and wool from there, but from Condon, to which a stub-road had been built.

I met a German there who had seven thousand sheep and four thousand acres of land. He had been there since 1885. He told me, one hard winter his men had fed his sheep $2,100 worth of hay, which was profitable after all, as he saved all his sheep. He was now renting them out for 50 cents each a year, getting his share of the lambs.

I was the only passenger in the stage and sat with the driver. We at once crossed the Columbia on the ferry, and arrived very soon at Roosevelt on the Washington side. There was a hotel, a post-office, and one or two houses. I inquired about the price of lots, and was told they sold from 15 to 150 dollars, according to location. So far as I know, lots in the West are laid out on the stingy scale of 25×75 feet, — I am sure of the 25 feet. The stage-driver was mail-clerk as well.

We now drove higher and higher into the hills, which stretch along the north shore of the river, dwindling down into the highlands of the Columbia and forming the southern border of Horse Heaven.

It began to rain and get quite cold. I protected myself as best I could, and was very glad little Honey was not with me to endure the hardships.

The driver told me there had been a good deal of rain during the past winter, and that two men and a horse had been drowned in Wood Creek, which we were just passing. It semed incredible that such a thing should have happened.

We drove through other incipient towns, whose names I do not remember, and in the afternoon, at about four o'clock, after having stopped in Cleveland, and after driving through a wooded region, we arrived at Bickleton, the end of that day's journey.

I can see the heights of Bickleton from my ranch, and

many times people had driven by my house and asked to be directed to that town.

We stopped at the hotel, which this time was kept by people from Indiana, my native state, which they considered God's country. They were more than glad to meet any one from there, and gave me more than my money's worth. Everything was nice and clean, and they set an excellent table.

Real estate, I was told, had gone up in Bickleton, which was the home of many retired farmers. Ere now (1910) a trolley line has been planned and surveyed from Bickleton to Prosser, and undoubtedly it will be in existence ere long.

Rebecca Blank had supplied me with a delicious and abundant lunch, on which I continued to feast.

After a night's rest, of which I was in great need, I drove with another stage towards my home. My new friends had explained to the driver where I wished to go. It was the Mabton stage which I took, and seven miles south of that town and about seven west of my homestead the driver set me down.

After leaving Bickleton, the land was full of big rocks and the ground very stony. The nearer I came to my own country, the bluer the sky seemed to be, and the fairer the land; there was more of it under cultivation, too, than in the country I had passed through. The highest hill not far from my ranch loomed up bright and blue. I recognized the landscape; soon my feet were to rest on my own soil.

In spite of all that was *not* there, it was sweet to get home. I found my shack in good order. I planted the flowers I had brought, and the two rosebushes back of the kitchen-tent, where they would be protected from the west winds.

Before leaving my ranch the previous fall, I had rented it to a neighbor living four miles away. I was to pay for the seed-wheat and to get one-third of the crop, threshed, in sacks, and hauled to Prosser or Byron.

My land, it will be remembered, was plowed and harrowed. The renter had seeded it in the fall, and it was just sprouting up in some places and was green in others. Later,

when the grain was ripe, he would head and stack it; still later it was to be threshed. I had often heard of farmers who received one-fourth of the crop raised on their raw, sage-brush land.

I was glad to see the bright green color of hope all around me; I felt that something had been achieved.

After a short sojourn on my claim I went south and asked Mr. Johnson to take me down to the Columbia the next day. He had a white horse and a little buggy. He consented, and early the next morning we set out.

All things come to him who can but wait. For four years I had been anxious to go down to the river; now came my opportunity, and I enjoyed it.

Early in the afternoon I arrived at my destination, which was a town, a hotel, and a post-office all in one. Mr. J. invited me to take dinner, and a couple — Mr. and Mrs. Funk I will call them — were sitting at the table. When Mr. J. gave his order, everything on the table was carried out, which reminded me of "The king of France and four thousand men who took up their arms and laid them down again." Directly everything was brought in again. I could not enjoy the repast. Some women can make anything taste good, — it all depends on the woman. This one's hair looked neglected, too, and her placket-hole extended clear down to the hem of her dress. I so longed for the companionship of another woman to enjoy it; a man would be unable to appreciate it. She was musical, however, and I enlightened her as to the meaning of sharps and flats.

On the previous day there had been a terrific windstorm, and I found the prettiest stone splinters all over the hills which I climbed; the sand had been blown away from them. On the way down I saw some cacti, prickly pears, I think.

At four o'clock a boy arrived from the other side of the river with the mail. He took me along to the ferry, where I found his father also. When we reached the other side, we were in Castle Rock, Oreg. It consisted of three houses. The one I went to served as a railroad station and hotel.

The teacher was boarding there, too; she had six pupils, two of them Indians.

I retired quite early, as I was to get up at 2 A. M. to catch the train which was to take me to Cascade Locks; I did not need the alarm clock to wake me up.

There was a second passenger, a settler of southern Horse Heaven, who had been summoned to the Sound because of his mother's illness. We had a long and interesting conversation about Horse Heaven, past, present, and future, and plenty of time for it, too, as the train was two hours late.

On going back into a schoolroom, I felt as if I had re-entered Paradise. My pupils were very apt and remarkably successful in all they undertook.

Mrs. Blank had a beautiful garden, chiefly of roses. The country west of the Cascades and Puget Sound is ideal for horticulture. The roses that bloom there are larger and finer than those depicted in the catalogs; they love the cool, moist climate. Nearly all the men were working at the lumber-mills of which Mr. Blank was manager, and it was impossible to get any one to work in the garden. In that climate everything is soon covered with greensward; all the flower-beds were covered with it, and it took some hard work to remove it. I spent nearly all my spare time in the garden. After the past winter's experiences my salary seemed a lordly sum. Mrs. Blank very kindly forced some of it on me in advance, in order that I might make a payment on my acre-tract at North Yakima, which had caused me so much worry and anxiety during the winter. I shall never get into debt again if I can possibly help it!

One day we went up into the mountains to Dry Creek Falls, higher and higher, through dense woods along the side of a merry mountain stream, full of cascades gushing down from rock to rock; we had to cross the stream in four places. It is called Dry Creek because it dries up in summer; but at this time, in May, it was quite a stream. Often we would come upon the big trunks of fallen trees, which were obstacles for us to surmount.

At last we began to hear the sound of falling waters; the

air became cool and moist; a little farther, and we beheld a fine waterfall rushing down vertically, about sixty feet high and perhaps ten wide.

We settled down there and ate with great appetite the lunch we had brought with us. After climbing up still higher and trying to make a sketch, we went home again, as a certain paper used to record in the stenciled phrase, "with the consciousness of having spent a pleasant day." The woods of Oregon and Washington (I was not so fortunate as to get into the Idaho mountains) are full of the most beautiful trees, shrubs, and flowers, kinds that we do not have in the East. It is very easy to decorate with them.

I was beginning to turn my face eastward again as the school-year was drawing to a close. Because I felt encouraged over my success in teaching, I wrote to the school-directors of my neighborhood in Horse Heaven, applying for the school for the coming year, but it had already been supplied.

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18. First Fruits.

About the middle of June I returned to Horse Heaven thankful for the work and the opportunities of the past two and a half months. I went to Pasco and from there to Prosser.

Oh, how beautiful Horse Heaven had become! The sage-brush was nearly all gone, and the whole country was transformed into one vast green wheat-field.

It was a good sight!

My trees were not thriving very well, but my hop-vine was luxuriant. It was easy to get everything into running order again. Two neighbors helped me to set up my tents and an awning, another brought me water. It was glorious and joy filled every heart. When the children in the Sunday-school sang, "What Shall the Harvest Be?" and "Bringing in the Sheaves," it is to be feared that they took it in too literal a sense.

I had to bestir myself to get a load of sage-brush to cook with; it had become almost a rarity.

There was now a good deal of activity in Horse Heaven. A number of my neighbors clubbed together and bought a threshing-machine. The air was full of trolley-lines, irrigation-ditches, and other interesting improvements.

It was still none too easy to send and get my mail. I took a tin box, pasted my name on it, and nailed it to the corner post on the main road three-quarters of a mile off. I had put my letters into it when I could do no better.

The green of the wheat-fields gradually turned into gold, and about July 15th the farmers began to head it; to do this took three men and ten horses. They say this cutting of ears of wheat can be regulated higher or lower. The farmers try to cut only the ears of grain and not much straw.

I heard my nephew Paul of Cleveland, O., was not very well, and that he was going to give up his position and come West. Could any one think of more joyful news for me?

I was dumfounded when I went to the corner one evening and found a bunch of letters. It seemed wonderful and like the beginning of a new era. I sat down on the ground right there to read them. Among them was one from Paul, saying that he was coming in August. I won't say how glad I felt.

It took five days to cut my wheat. It then lay piled in two big stacks about twenty feet wide and fifty feet long, and quite high, and there was a little stack besides. At the lower end of the farm there were two more large stacks.

I found new neighbors, one and a fourth mile south. They had a nice young daughter and an organ. I gave her some lessons in drawing and music, thus earning my butter, if not my bread. Her parents kept a cow.

Some of the settlers who had always found fault with Horse Heaven began to like it very much, — it was because of the good harvest, — and I am ready to wager that those who once complained the most will live and die there.

Those of my friends who knew the country and all its

conditions best advised me to stay on my land right along now till I proved up in April, 1908. This I did.

One time when Mrs. H. was over on a visit, she said, "Why don't you move your chicken-house up to the shack and turn it into a kitchen?" The idea pleased me, and I resolved to have it carried out.

The summer of 1907 was not as hot as that of the previous year had been; then the hottest temperature in the shade of my shack had been 115 degrees. My skin was blistered from the heat. I had some two-by-fours dug into the ground between my shack and the sleeping-tent, and put an awning over the framework at the top. Under it were a table, made of one box, and a bench, made of another. Here I took my meals and spent most of my time. The highest temperature I noticed in the shade in 1907 was only 106 degrees.

My nephew arrived. He thought my conditions deplorable, though he did not say so. He was almost well already. He came Thursday evening and went away the next Sunday. That he would not stay longer almost broke my heart, and I was filled with regret over the things I had left undone for his comfort. I don't think there was much to eat, for one thing. I missed Paul very much and cried a great deal. I resolved, however, to stop this; so I put away his photograph and tried to forget him. Meanwhile he was having hard experiences of his own at Seattle.

In August many began to thresh. Some got 27 bushels to the acre, others 17, more or less, as the case might be. Mr. Morris bought $500 worth of sacks. The farmer not only loses the sack when he sells the wheat, but, besides, the weight of the sack is deducted. For most of the farmers of Horse Heaven this was a bumper crop. One of my neighbors who had cultivated about a section might have cleared $5,000 that year had he sold the wheat at the right time. Mr. Hall, who had cultivated 160 acres adjoining my land on the west obtained 4,000 bushels of splendid wheat. My farmer got 1,200 bushels. I was glad it was that much.

My threshing was not done till about the middle of September. If I am not mistaken, it takes twenty men and

thirty-six horses to do the work. The cooking for the threshers is done by a man or woman who forms a part of the outfit. The cook works and sleeps in the cook-wagon, one with a covered top like a little house, having windows on both sides and along these stationary tables and benches, which latter are really boxes and contain many of the provisions. The threshing-machine is fueled with straw, and it keeps a man busy with his little wagon and horse to supply the fuel. There are two sack-sewers, who rapidly sew up the full sacks and pile them up.

The threshers worked early and late. Their table was excellent, and every one earned big wages. But I heard a man say that the best of friends have a falling out during this trying time; there is so much chasing after the almighty dollar that the men do not take the needed rest.

It took less than a day to thresh all my wheat. I had never seen wheat in quantity. Horse Heaven was full of it; the sacks of wheat were piled up out of doors as high as the houses. There would not have been buildings large enough to hold it. Surely the Lord had blessed us!

When the full sacks had been counted, the farmer took a lead-pencil out of his pocket and did the little example to find my share — right on the vamp of his shoe. Soon after he hauled his share to town. I decided to wait, and half of my portion lay piled up a mile and a half away from me. I did not know that the latter was mine, because I had asked the farmer to leave my portion near the shack. When I spoke to him about it afterwards, he said that the wheat down there was not quite as good, and he feared he would not get his due if he gave me the other. Wasn't he very particular!

The autumn in Horse Heaven was beautiful. I was glad when it got cool enough for me to sit inside again.

On the south of my land the fence was very poor, and ere I knew it, ten horses got in and bit into my wheat-sacks doing a great deal of damage. I went down, and Honey helped me to drive them out. I immediately told the owner of the horses about it. My fence adjoined land for which he was responsible, and he had not done his duty by the

fence, nor did he mend it at once. The horses came again, now to the nearer wheat-pile. I dragged fence-posts down and formed a corral around the wheat with barbed wire, but it was a hard job for me. I patched some sacks and refilled others. It took several afternoons to do this work.

Though this was vexatious, it was beautiful out there; I remember just how I felt in that balmy, peaceful air.

When I saw, however, that the horses might keep me on needles and pins, I asked the farmer to haul my wheat to a store-house in Prosser, and now I was at rest. My neighbor later paid for the wheat that I had lost through his horses.

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19. A Visitor.

I had planted sun-flowers about my house. The seed came from Idaho, where the bright flowers grew wild along the roads, and where they may be pests. They had come up and bloomed freely; my hop-vine looked pretty, too.

One day I thought I would go to see my neighbor south of me. My household was in apple-pie order. The kitchen had been moved up to the shack, and a porch constructed on the east side. As I walked away, I kept turning around again and again, saying to myself, "Well, it does look home-like, after all."

I crawled through under the fence on the west, — I had not a garment that did not bear the marks of barbed wire, — and again I looked back at my little home, when I saw a man in a buggy driving after me on the other side. I immediately turned around and came back with him.

He was a Government inspector, who had come around to see if I had lived up to the letter of the law. It was not hard to prove to him that I had. He made a list of the improvements I had made, which came up to $700 aside from the traveling expenses, and I had never been away from my claim six months.

I invited the man to dinner, and enjoyed his call very

much. Before he left, I gave him the magazine containing an article of mine entitled, "My Horse Heaven Home."

The next day one of my neighbors drove by with a four-horse team. He called me out as he could not leave the horses, and asked who had reported me. "Reported me!" I reiterated. "I don't think for a moment any one could be so unkind, and, besides, there is nothing to report."

"Yes, they did; the man came over to me first and asked all about you. I told him you ought to have your land."

"Most assuredly I ought," I replied. "Have I not bent every energy towards acquiring it all these years, undergoing trials and hardships of all kinds? Of course, this is my land!"

He drove on, but his remark that some one had reported me rankled in my bosom. I kept asking myself who could have been so unkind, so untruthful. I kept asking myself who it could have been. I had such unlimited confidence in nearly all my neighbors. I endured it until the next afternoon, when I could stand it no longer and went to Hall's, telling them how dreadfully I felt to think any one could have been so unkind.

My neighbor, Miss Sellards, asked me to teach her youngest sister, Bess, in the ordinary English branches, German, and music, which I gladly consented to do.

So she came over on her pony, and I taught her five days in the week from 9 to 11.30 A. M.; and she usually stayed for dinner. She was an apt pupil, and cared most lovingly for me in so many ways. She carried my mail and brought my groceries, as their home was on the main road, and people now passed there frequently.

I heard of a second-hand organ in Prosser, and I went down and bought it. One of the Horse Heaven wheat-haulers, Mr. Miller, a nephew of the poet Joaquin Miller, brought it up for me without charge. A man could clear 7 dollars a day that way. With his horses and two wagons fastened together, one behind the other, he could haul seventy sacks at a time. The man for whom Mr. Miller hauled gave him his board and the horses their feed besides.

Bess sent me a chopping-block on which to chop the sage-brush to fit my kitchen-stove. It was a priceless gift and the greatest comfort to me. It was about twelve inches in diameter and about three and a half feet long. I dug one end of it into the ground, sharpened my hatchet, and every day towards evening chopped the needful supply of sage-brush, and carried many armfuls of whole brush to the porch to have it ready for the air-tight heater in the shack. I also bought half a ton of coal, and used it together with the sage-brush.

My friends, Mrs. McNeill and her mother, Mrs. South, had given me a thick mat for my kitchen and a rag-carpet for the shack, and they both did excellent service. I was as comfortable as I could expect to be. My shack had no ceiling, and most of the heat rushed up there; I sometimes felt inclined to suspend a chair from the roof to utilize all that good heat.

Two young men had the contract of clearing and plowing an adjoining section; this gave me neighbors. At first they used my gate as an entrance, and I enjoyed hearing them come home whistling and singing. They supplied me with sage-brush and water.

We now had preaching every other Sunday regularly at the schoolhouse. I had been chosen superintendent of the Sunday-school.

In the fall Mr. Hall and his family went hop-picking for a week near Toppenish. During this time I slept in their house, and fed the poultry and the remaining horses.

Horse Heaven is very favorable for raising chickens and turkeys. There is little rain, so the little ones do not get their feet wet; and wherever there has been a wheat-crop, there is wheat scattered all over, and when the new green wheat comes up, it does no harm if the fowls pick off the tops. Most of my neighbors raised many turkeys, and got a good price for them in the fall.

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20. I Prove Up.

Of course, I counted the months as time passed, the days when the time of my captivity, so to speak, should be ended. In February I began to announce — as I was bound to do — in the *Prosser Bulletin* that I intended to make a final proof on April 10, 1908. Mrs. Morris and Sheriff McNeill were my witnesses before the representative of the United States Land Office.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris had made it convenient to go to town that day, and I shall always remember their many kindnesses to me.

I paid a fee to the land office and to its representative, and was told my patent would be forthcoming in a few months. It came in October of the same year.

Through the munificence of my brother, Dr. E. G. Sihler, of New York City, and his charming wife I was enabled to lift the debt on the North Yakima acre-tract.

Thus I had made provision for my old age, and I have reason to think that my land in Washington will rise in value every night while I sleep.

I sold my wheat the day I proved up at 72 cents and a fraction a bushel. I should have done better if I had sold in the fall. But I had enough to go East and visit my folks.

When I came back home that night and could say that the land now was really my own, and that I could leave it if I wished, it seemed more beautiful than ever. But by the next morning my feeling had changed. I said to myself, "Why should I sit here all alone any longer?" and I decided to get away as soon as possible. I disposed of my things, sold some, and gave away others. The things I wished to keep I put into my two Idaho chests and my best clothes into my trunk, and engaged one of my plowing neighbors to take me to town the next Sunday. Of course, he would not stop plowing for anybody. It goes without saying that I took little Honey with me.

We first paid Miss Slocum a visit at Friends Lodge near

Weiser, Idaho, which is one of my homes, and there was great joy.

In a treeless country one does not find many wooden things; it is all gunny-sacks. So I considered myself fortunate when I saw a wooden basket with a cover in a Weiser store. I thought it would be just the thing for Honey to travel in. I bought it and set it behind the store. I put Honey's blanket into it, and frequently induced him to lie in it. A few times, too, I closed the lid and carried Honey around in it, and he remained pretty quiet. I also had a large gray linen bag, into which I had often put my dog when traveling with me.

Miss Slocum took us to the train, and as we approached the station, I put Honey into the basket.

Alas, alas, that our best-laid plans should so often fail us at the critical moment! Honey became restless, and as the train approached, he demolished the side of the basket with his snout, which bears the scars of this bloody deed to this day. He got his head out. I hastened to a seat in the car, trying to calm him as I put him into the linen bag.

The only seat I could get was the little one facing the passengers. It was my aim to get a berth in the tourist car. It is remarkable how little information and satisfaction one can get at a little station in the West; it may be just the same in the East, I do not know. They tell you one thing, and later on you learn it is just the reverse. I am sure there is no evil intention, but it seems as some one has said, "They know little, and care less," and it is hard on the passengers.

The conductor punched my ticket and went away. After a while he returned, stood at some distance, and watched me. Honey was in the bag at my side, motionless. I had part of my coat over him, too, so that there was nothing remarkable there. The conductor walked away, but came back soon.

He said, "What have you there? A bird?"

"No."

"A cat?"

"No."

"You have some kind of a pet. I cannot give you a berth unless you give it up."

"How do you know?"

"The brakeman said he thought he saw something."

My hopes that the officials would be so busy with their duties that they would not notice Honey were dashed to the ground. So I said, "If you neither see nor hear anything, I don't know what you want!"

Of course, I carried very little baggage because I had Honey. So I said to a young man near me, "Will you please carry my satchel into the next car?"

He took it up immediately and followed me into the chair-car. I sat next to a young man from Pennsylvania, who was very agreeable and very nice to Honey.

At midnight we reached Pocatello, where we changed cars, and my pet had a chance to enjoy his freedom.

After that we traveled undetected and unmolested until we arrived at Salt Lake City. I was delighted with the beautifully cultivated lands of the Mormons that we saw on our way in the early morning.

I spent the day in the city looking around, and I engaged a berth on the train leaving for Denver about 6.30 P. M.

I noticed splendid home-grown vegetables thus early in the season and fine shops. There was a great deal of travel, and it was well-nigh impossible to get sleeping accommodations on the trains, they were so overcrowded.

At last the train was ready, and I boarded it with Honey in the usual way. There was a great commotion, and the same berths seemed to be held by several sets of people. Of course, this caused much dissatisfaction. But I really had a berth, and was anxious to get into it. It was an upper one and the porter was getting it ready. I had not been in a sleeper in such a long time that I really had forgotten how to get into one, and tried to get into it before it was quite ready; Honey got out of the bag and the whole carful of passengers shouted. Of course, this sealed Honey's fate. He was taken to the baggage-car, and I had gotten so

nervous and tired that I was glad to be relieved of my darling for a while, and I trust he rested well.

I became acquainted with some of my fellow-travelers who had seen me at Weiser, Idaho. They told me that when they saw me apparently talking to myself — they did not express it that way — they *thought* I was crazy. How could they help thinking so?

We passed through the wonderful mountain scenery of Colorado. I find that one always learns most about a region from passengers living there. I was fortunate enough to sit with a man who had just visited his son, who was in Government employ, working in favor of the fruit-growers of that part of the country.

If, for instance, there was danger from frost during the night, all ranchers would be warned by telephone, and they would arise and light thousands of smudge-pots to protect the fruit-crop still in blossom. I here learned that irrigated orchard land was worth $6,000 per acre.

About midnight of the second day we arrived at Denver, and I followed the whole company into a nice hotel near the station. When I saw that my little dog would not be allowed to be with me, I turned away and spent the night in a rooming-house, which it was a pleasure to leave early the next morning.

I went about seeing Denver, so did my dog. I noticed particularly the brick houses of various beautiful colors, and in every back yard the "midden," in which all rubbish is burned up. Both here and in Salt Lake City I saw many beautiful gems and semi-precious stones found in Colorado.

I was glad to check Honey through to St. Louis by paying $1.80, which I did cheerfully. He was tagged and the railroad company was responsible for him. I supplied his food from the diner. The poor little fellow howled terribly when he heard my voice; he was chained to a box containing a coffin. After that I handed his food to the baggage-man without letting him hear or see me.

Upon arriving in St. Louis, I took a carriage and drove to my brother's house, where we were at peace for a few days.

There now remained but one more journey for us to take, from St. Louis to Fort Wayne, Ind., where my mother lives. As I had forgotten the good linen bag in a Denver restaurant, I bought material and made a new traveling-bag for Honey, whose poor snout was healing slowly. My sister-in-law accompanied me to the station, and held my pet while I attended to my business.

Fortunately I got Honey on the train unnoticed. I did as was my wont — bought a paper and covered my lap to keep the dust off, and Honey was well hidden, too.

I was getting nearer home every minute. The fields and woods were resplendent in their fresh verdure; it was all one green picture.

After having been on the train for several hours, the conductor sat down by the man opposite me. I heard him whisper to the former, "That lady has a dog." I pretended not to notice him, and ere long the conductor went elsewhere, but returned. I was too busy looking out of the window to care about anything else.

You may be sure that I was glad when we got to Fort Wayne. There were lots of Honey's white hairs on the red plush seat. I was glad of it!

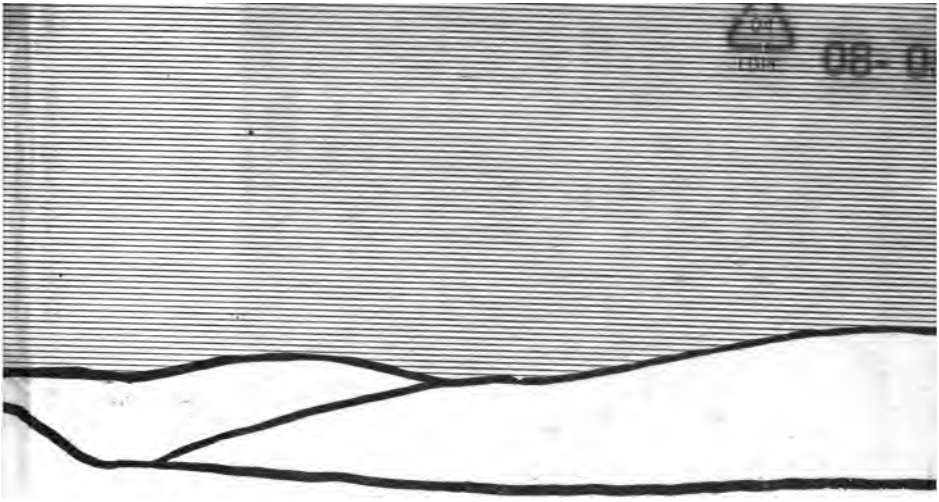
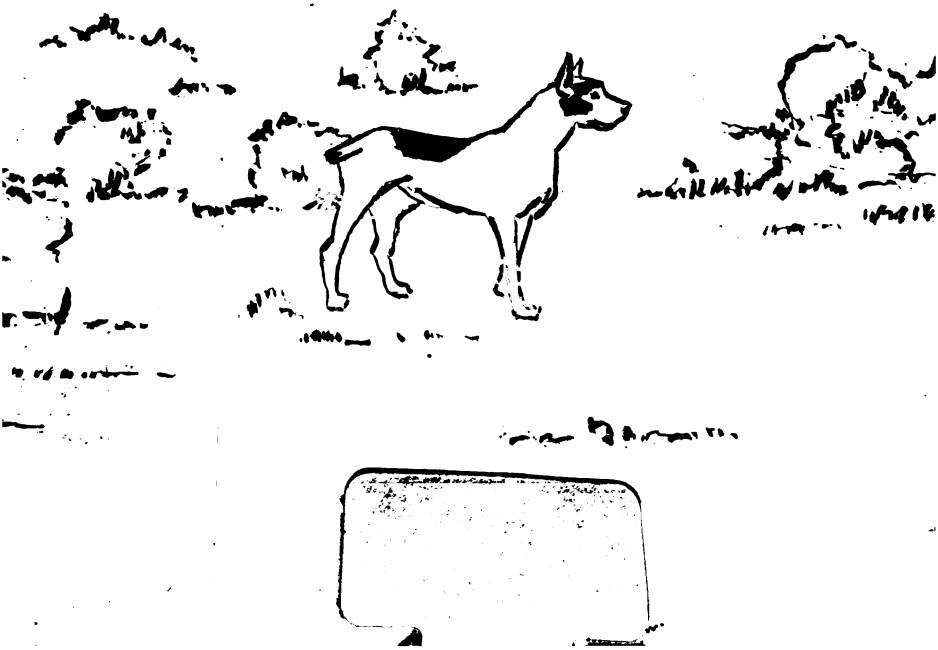
We usually consider a life-story incomplete without a romance, and undoubtedly it is; this story, however is not fiction, but truth.

There are more men than women out West — all kinds; and if a woman is not hard to please, she can easily get one. I took the pains to get acquainted with one that approached me, and found him wanting, and dropped him without giving him anything.

After the threshing at my ranch, some of the harvesters called on me the next Sunday, one in a light-blue undershirt, admiring my scanty acres, another wishing he was my dog. I might cite other examples, but they are never becoming in the mouth of a woman, so I will cheerfully give them to oblivion.

Before I close the book, I wish to give an estimate what my Western experiences have done for me. They cost me

dear from every point of view, but I feel that I have received full value; for out of the fulness of my heart I can now say: "Anybody is as good as I am, and many better." But it is my most earnest desire to follow after them, and much more the dear Master, whose I am.

But I was hastening to meet my precious mother, whom I had not seen in so many years.

The best part of travel is the home-coming. My youngest brother met me at the station. Honey was delighted to run up to us, and when we got to the house, I glanced in at the door and saw my dear mother looking shyly, but smiling, around the corner from the second room, as if she feared it was too good to be true that her wandering child had come home, — and I rushed right into her arms.